

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## IN MEMORIAM.

"The Chimpanzee of the Zoological Gardens is dead!" — *Times*, March 21, 1874.

LAMENT our poor brother departed! —  
From anthropoid anthropos began —  
And DARWIN deep mourning has started,  
For this "*Princeps editio*" of man!

It seems as if Nature had matched him  
And his visitors, man against brute;  
But those who most closely have watched him,  
On the rivalry choose to be mute.

Look at him — thus peacefully lying,  
Manhood hid quadrumanhood within!  
If developed, he might have feared dying,  
As it is, what a 'scape of our sin!

Had selection made *him* man of monkey,  
And taught him to cringe, cheat, and lie —  
*A la mode* of my lord and his flunkey, —  
He had found it less easy to die.

No monkey speaks ill of a brother;  
Chimpanzees hand o'er slander to man:  
But could apes sit to cut up each other,  
There he lies, let them say all they can!

He was *not* paid to slaughter and plunder,  
He was not paid to lie in a wig;  
He ne'er out-roared Truth with Press-thunder,  
Milked a horse, or ran Stock Exchange rig!

He ne'er lived to be husband or father,  
Or a model of both we had seen;  
So much from his conduct we gather,  
Since his home with the Zooloos has been.

Brother men, Chimpanzees though too plainly,  
You ne'er, do your utmost, can be,  
Yet aspire — may it not be all vainly —  
As good as poor *Joey* to be!

Punch.

## A PLEA.

The heights of great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upwards in the night. — *Longfellow*.

ALAS! for those companions who have slept  
Upon that weary way,  
Who far into the night their vigil kept,  
Yet slumbered ere the day!

Who, faint and spent with toil, lay down to  
rest,  
Despairing of the goal;  
With weight of human weakness sore op-  
pressed,  
And weariness of soul.

Alas for them! their lot is hard to bear —  
Their cherished hopes all vain;  
The sought-for laurel they must never wear,  
The prize not hope to gain.

Oh! if it be that sweet success has crowned  
Thine efforts, and that fame  
Has traced upon her consecrated ground  
The record of thy name,

Forget not that the praise is due alone  
To Him Who gave thee strength,  
Who stood beside thee till thy work was done,  
Throughout the night's dark length.

Be not unmindful of the cheerless fate  
Of those who, toiling still,  
Have missed the path, or found it all too late,  
To hope they can fulfil

The promise of their golden days of youth,  
When all seemed fair and bright,  
And nought was wanting — save the ray of  
truth  
To guide their footsteps right.

And when thou canst a wand'ring brother  
guide,  
Or help him on his way,  
Let nothing turn the noble act aside,  
Or cause thee to delay.

For toil is hard, and perseverance rare,  
And failure frequent, too;  
And those who would succeed have much to  
dare,  
As well as much to do.

And help from those who stand aloft, secure,  
Is ever doubly blest,  
Enabling those who win not, to endure,  
And leave to God the rest.  
The Month.

W. P. F.

## AN EASTER SONG.

DEAR LORD, I have no Easter flowers to bring,  
No roses fresh, nor lilies dewy sweet,  
But still one offering I may gladly bear,  
And lay, rejoicing, at Thy dearest feet.

Enfold my weary love in Thy sweet Will,  
And keep it closely to Thy pierced side,  
So shall I rest, nor sad and helpless mourn,  
While safe in Thee my love and I abide.  
Sunday Magazine.

C. BROOKE.

From The British Quarterly Review.  
DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

*"Their works do follow them."* On that world of true life whither these words of hallowed comfort point, it is not our office to offer any speculations here. But the sense of eternity, which is never felt so strongly as in the silent presence of the noble dead has its earthly as well as its heavenly aspect. For men die; but man lives. And if private grief looks heavenward, craving for a personal reunion, public sorrow finds a consolation—not less strong, nor less divine—in the contemplation of that undying humanity, which shines the fairer and lives more fully the older it becomes; and which, whoever may be the loser, is always enriched, exalted, and ennobled by every great soul gathered to its bosom. Each busy generation, when it lies down to rest, leaves behind it not only accumulations of material or intellectual wealth, but new lines of character, faint or strong, which affect the whole being of mankind. And this generic moral growth, though it be far the slowest of all those movements which go to make up progress, is that which marks most deeply and clearly every real step in advance. It is only by a consideration of periods separated by centuries or even millenniums, that these far-reaching changes can be unmistakably discerned. But nevertheless they are constantly taking place. Neither the growth of commerce, nor the increase of knowledge, nor both together, could, apart from a great development of character, have produced the England of to-day out of the England of the Conquest. In this slow, moral progress it is not usually given to individual men to accomplish any great step in advance. Even great religious leaders do but raise a wave of feeling which too commonly seems to fall back to the former level. Yet in looking back upon the long roll of historic names, we cannot but feel that there have been many men whose characters have been a more precious legacy than any of their practical achievements. The contagious influence of Robert Bruce's indomitable spirit did more for Scotland than the vic-

tory of Bannockburn. The valour of the Black Prince obtained us no permanent conquests; but the fondness with which soldiers dwelt upon the memory of his self-forgetful daring cannot have been without its effect on the tone of military feeling. Sir Thomas More's name is associated with a fading superstition, and Cranmer's with the rise of a regenerated faith. Yet the noble though narrow integrity of the one is felt to this day as an example and a stay to the national character; while not even the martyrdom of the other can efface the shame of his shifty politics. Or to come down to our own times, who does not feel that the late Sir Robert Peel, by his sacrifice of party traditions to a higher view of duty, did more for the future of English statesmanship than even by his free trade legislation? And there are men now living, whose moral earnestness in the public life they lead has a deeper influence on their country than any special results they accomplish. They raise the standard of human life. They kindle afresh the too evanescent fire of self-forgetful devotion. They prove the reality of motives richer in moral power than any personal ambition. And when at the graves of such men we breathe the words, "*Their works do follow them,*" we do not think so much of the actual results they have accomplished by their industry, but rather of the place and the power that their character has in the humanity that never dies.

Such a man was David Livingstone. It is remarkable to what an extent even during his lifetime his character divided with his achievements the public interest aroused by his travels. Those who came in contact with him during his brief visits to England were never tired of repeating that he was "every inch a man." Sir Roderick Murchison loved him with a warmth of affection which no merely scientific sympathy could have inspired. Henry M. Stanley, whose unworthy and ungenerous treatment by a section of the English public it is impossible to reprobate too strongly, loses all bitterness and kindles into enthusiasm as he recalls his personal intercourse with the departed

traveller by Tanganyika Lake. As to the African tribes that were familiar with his name they almost worshipped him as a god. In his intercourse with those demoralized by the slave trade, the triumphs of his self-control, his sympathetic patience, and his unflinching firmness put to shame the blustering arrogance and random bloodshed too often characteristic of English dealings with savage tribes. And in all the history of travel perhaps there is nothing more touching than the story of the faithful Makololo, who marched with their "father" across a continent, for the most part as much unknown to them as to him; who interposed their own bodies between him and hostile spears; who plunged headlong into a swollen river to rescue him from drowning; who dared to go with him down to that mysterious sea from which their stolen brethren had never returned; and who sat down by the eastern coast to wait in simple faith till he came back from a voyage that must have seemed to them like a journey beyond the grave. The character which produced effects like these on Englishmen, Americans, Portuguese colonists, and African barbarians alike, was certainly no common one, and must be well worth our study. It does not often happen in the case of any one distinguished for physical discovery that the interest attaching to character predominates over that excited by achievement. Such a predominance of moral interest is natural and indeed inevitable when we lament the loss of a great preacher like the late Thomas Binney. But this is not the case with pioneers of physical knowledge. We may indeed gather up with lingering remembrance all personal traits of departed genius. Its association with a noble moral nature, its habits of thought and feeling, its methods of work, are all eagerly remarked. But such traits are cherished only because of the reflected interest that they derive from splendid achievements to which they bear no necessary relation. Thus when Faraday died, the obscure religious denomination to which he faithfully adhered, derived an unwonted interest in the eyes of many from

the fact of his connection with it. Yet every one felt that for some reason or other the great electrician's religious life and his scientific career were wholly dissociated. And the former had little interest for the world, except what was reflected upon it by his discoveries. The character of the man did no doubt make the work what it was. That always must be so. But the process was not evident; and the work was the more conspicuous. In the case of Livingstone, on the other hand, it might almost seem as though the work derived its popular interest from the man, rather than the man from the work. Or if such language is too strong, at any rate the connection between the character of the man and the work was so close, so clear, and striking, that the two cannot be separated in thought. And, putting on one side scientific societies, it is certainly not too much to say that the interest taken by the general public in the work accomplished, was very greatly stimulated by the fascination exercised by the character of the man. Yet the David Livingstone best known to the world at large was not a preacher nor a missionary; he was the explorer of unknown lands.

Of course one reason for the entirely secondary interest attached to personal character in the case of great discoverers is the dependence of such achievements upon those intellectual gifts which ensure insight and imagination, rather than sympathy and moral power. And we think it may be observed, that wherever great deeds are the result of moral earnestness, rather than of intellectual force, there the personal character always attracts a special and affectionate interest. George Washington could perhaps, hardly with justice, be called a great soldier. But he was something better: he was a great man. And his character has always had more interest than his actions. The same thing may be said of the only other American president yet arisen, who is likely to rival Washington in the affections of American patriotism. Abraham Lincoln was not a man of great intellect. But he was a man with a very clear moral insight into the secret of his country's woes, and with a courage that rose pre-



cisely in proportion as his convictions of duty were deepened. So in our warmest recollections of David Livingstone, we cannot attribute to him any transcendent intellectual powers. If, indeed, the word genius may be taken in such a comprehensive significance as to mean any pre-eminent fitness for a special work; or even if we may take in serious earnest the Carlylese doctrine, that it denotes an infinite capacity for taking pains—then certainly Livingstone was a man of genius. But he would himself have been so much startled and pained by being called anything of the sort, that we hasten to express our dissent from any such definition as could possibly have included him. His moral and spiritual qualities made his life and work what they were. And it is precisely because his achievements sprang from susceptibilities and energies lying at the living core and heart of personal character, that the whole man seems to be seen in every line of his work. We propose, therefore, here briefly to trace the growth of the work out of the nature of the man, and to note how at every step his soul shone through his deeds.

It is not without heartfelt sorrow that we speak him as gone. Encouraged by the falsity of former rumours, almost betrayed by his many escapes into the illusion that he bore a charmed life, measuring perhaps the ways of Providence too much by our own, and fondly thinking that now, so near the end of his labours, he could not die till we had seen him once more, we had hoped against hope, until the decisive news came that his body was on the way down to Zanzibar. But now that the will of the Most High is known, we begin perhaps to see in it a wisdom and a tenderness which in our suspense seemed inconceivable. The man who shrank from the publicity of missionary platforms, whom hardly any persuasion could induce to run the risk of being lionized, and whose temperament made him occasionally perhaps unduly susceptible, could hardly have found an unmingled solace for his weariness in the country which was so eagerly awaiting him. That he longed to see his native

land again we can well believe. But the death that awaited him amongst the people of his pity and his love, was, after all, congruous with his life. His quiet departure when his labour was done, was just in accordance with his method of work. And if Westminster Abbey is to receive his bones, our satisfaction does not so much arise from any honour done to David Livingstone, but rather from the enrichment of that shrine of national memories with the record of a name that "England would not willingly let die."

The introductory chapter in Livingstone's "Journeys and Researches in South Africa"—a chapter consisting of only seven pages—presents as charming and characteristic a piece of autobiography as we have ever read. There is a kind of manly shyness about it, arising, not from any want of confidence in his claim to be heard, but just from that sort of sensitiveness which generally accompanies an honest self-contained pride, and which shrinks with dread from any appearance of ostentation. "My own inclination," he tells us, "would lead me to say as little as possible about myself; but several friends, in whose judgment I have confidence, have suggested that, as the reader likes to know something about the author, a short account of his origin and early life would lend additional interest to this book. Such is my excuse for the following egotism, and, if an apology be necessary for giving a genealogy, I find it in the fact that it is not very long, and contains only one incident of which I have reason to be proud." The "egotism" is of so very innocent a character, and is got over so very quickly, that doubtless many a reader has thought it would have been still more unobtrusive if the writer had made no apology at all, where certainly none was needed. But the narrative would not have been nearly so characteristic without it. For with all Livingstone's transparent simplicity of nature, we should entirely misconceive him if we regarded him as an overgrown artless child. His was the simplicity of an exceedingly strong-willed man, with no small amount of self-consciousness, that was kept sup-

pressed only by the ardour of an all-absorbing devotion. He could not talk about himself without feeling that he was doing so. And he shrank from this, not through any mere affectation of humility, but partly because by temperament he scorned to thrust himself on the attention of others; and partly because in the self-discipline of a spiritual life he had learned to subordinate all personal aims to the greatness of a mission he believed to be divinely imposed. The "genealogy" carries us back to the storm-beaten island of Ulva, where the ancestral Livingstones held a small farm; and where, if there be anything in Mr. Buckle's theories, we may imagine that a struggle with hostile elements for a precarious subsistence might well develop a traditional self-reliance, indomitable persistency, and general sturdiness of character. Certain it is, however the fact may be explained, that agricultural life in Scotland is much more favourable than in England to intelligent individuality, and to a high though somewhat narrow ideal of morality. The one incident of which Livingstone thought he had reason to be proud is thoroughly characteristic, and we give it in his own words:—

Grandfather could give particulars of the lives of his ancestors for six generations of the family before him; and the only point of the tradition I feel proud of is this:—One of these poor hardy islanders was renowned in the district for great wisdom and prudence, and it is related that when he was on his deathbed, he called all his children around him, and said, "Now, in my lifetime, I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you, or any of your children, should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you: Be honest."

This moral heirloom of his family entered very deeply into the nature of the great traveller. In his face, as we remember it, there was with all its kindness of expression, a sort of troubled earnestness of outlook, as though the upright soul within were always on the watch for the straightest way to the end in view. It was not suspicion; for his keen discernment of character was always exercised in detecting grounds of trust, rather than in analyzing the corrupt motives of hypocritical pretence. But he did not regard an honest life as an easy one. It was to him always the "fight of faith," not in any speculative,

but in a strictly practical sense. And to a gentleness of nature, which exercised a wonderful charm over savage men, he added an unostentatious but indomitable firmness that always seemed standing front to front with some invisible foe. Said Stanley's servants to those of Livingstone, "Your master is a good man—a very good man; he does not beat you, for he has a kind heart; but ours, oh! he is sharp, hot as fire." Yet this man of a kind heart, more than once, when surrounded by hostile savages who brandished their weapons against him, completely overawed them by his resolute attitude and the serene confidence he displayed. And when, wearied out by homesickness and danger, his own followers for a moment broke into open mutiny, he roused himself from the stupor of fever, seized a double-barrelled pistol, and declaring he must maintain discipline at all hazards, quelled them in an instant, without firing a shot. Physiognomy illustrates character, even though we may not have insight enough to read the face apart from the life. If Livingstone's eyes suggested a kindly and even gentle heart, his strong Scotch under-jaw marked a man with whom it might be dangerous to trifle.

These fundamental elements of character, practical truthfulness, a yearning earnestness of purpose, and deep susceptibility to human sympathy, appear to have been manifest in very early days. At the age of ten, with part of his first week's earnings as a "piecer" in a factory near Glasgow, whither his family had removed, he bought Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin." By studies pursued in the intervals of hard labour, he read during the next five or six years several classical authors. After that he seems to have given his attention more to general literature, especially however to "scientific works and books of travel." We suppose this kind of thing is not so uncommon among labouring youths in Scotland as it is in England. The proximate cause of this is no doubt to be found in the different habits of the two populations, and especially in the better tone of family life among the Scotch. But after all, popular habits of mind and forms of family life are largely affected by institutions. And the reason why the ecclesiastical and educational systems of Scotland have produced results so much more general and truly national than anything that we see in England, would be a fruitful subject of reflection; with sug-

gestions perhaps not altogether complimentary to the wealthier institutions of the South. Be that as it may, this Scotch boy, while working for his living, contrived to obtain a very fair general education.

It is perhaps suggestive of the amount of human nature there was in him, that not even the parental authority, for which he had a very profound reverence, could induce him to overcome his repugnance to "dry doctrinal reading." His father seems to have borne carefully in mind a tradition that their ancestors were converted "by the laird coming round with a man having a yellow staff," from Romanism to the Protestant faith, which went by the name of "the religion of the yellow stick." And like many other descendants of persecuted religionists, he appears to have inherited a very persistent confidence in the "argument *ad baculum*." Not even this, however, could turn young Livingstone's attention from his beloved books of travel to the "Cloud of Witnesses" or Boston's "Fourfold State." On the other hand, Dick's "Philosophy of Religion" won his interest at once through its confirmation of his own previously formed conviction that religion and science could not be hostile one to another. Thus, while he freely and willingly yielded himself to the good influences by which he was happily surrounded, it was plain enough already that he was likely to prove a man with opinions and purposes of his own.

It is characteristic of the man that in the brief autobiographical sketch to which reference has been made, Livingstone says very little indeed of his early religious feelings. And yet it is indisputable that religious devotion, far more than anything else, made him what he was. Under any circumstances, he would have risen in the social scale. A youth who could learn to read with pleasure the Latin classics amidst the whir and clatter of machinery, and who, during his summer labour, without receiving a farthing of aid from any one, laid by enough to support himself while attending medical and Greek classes during the winter, would certainly not have continued to be a factory operative. But that which gave decisive direction to his purpose in life was first and midst and last of all religious conviction. It would be a mistake as blind, as it would be cruel, to suppose that because his latter activity was diverted from the ordinary course of missionary labour to the career

of a geographical discoverer, he ever lost the sacred inspiration that first drove him forth from home, or even suffered it to be dimmed by any greed of fame. The special motives which actuated him at a great crisis of his life may be considered presently. But certainly the whole story of his enterprises reveals transparently, as its one predominant motive, a pitying love of human nature, heightened and confirmed by a devout faith in God's purpose of world-wide regeneration. It is not from isolated passages of his writings, nor from the occasional testimony of friends, that we gather this; but from the whole scope, aims, and method of his labour. That labour reveals the heart and soul of the man as clearly as any work of art exhibits the genius of its creator. It is not only that when there was a prospect of his being left alone and destitute in the heart of Africa, he "went to his little hut with his mind directed to Him, who hears the sighing of the soul;" not only that when he thought it likely he might be "knocked on the head by savages" before the morrow, his main regret was, "it seemed such a pity—for a confirmation would thereby have been given to the idea that Africa is not open to the Gospel." It is not only that through all the thousands of miles he travelled, until the time when Stanley met him, and doubtless to the last, he gathered his little band around him every Sunday, that he might lead to them, pray with them, and tell them of the love of God. But his whole interest in geographical discovery arose from its bearing on the welfare of African men and women, and on the spread of Christian civilization. How keenly he was alive to the beauties of nature, his rapturous remembrance of the Victoria Falls alone would show. And though he was not in any technical sense a scientist, his observations have been very highly prized by scientific men at home. But these were never his ultimate aims; and there was never a day in which his thoughts did not range beyond them. To him the various water-sheds and river courses, the central plateau, and lateral ridges of mid-Africa were so many strategic points to be noted and made the most of in the sacred warfare against sin and misery, and above all against "the sum of all villainies"—slavery. Never perhaps in all the history of human enterprise was a career of physical discovery so thoroughly inspired, so constantly guided, or so consistently crowned by religious devotion.

But as we might naturally expect, from what we have ventured to call the manly shyness of his character, he himself has told us scarcely anything about the beginnings of that spiritual life which pre-eminently made him what he was. And, frankly, we like him the better for it. His religion was not the morbid introspection, the records of which constitute a sort of spiritual narcotic, unnaturally stimulating and deceitfully lulling. His was the healthy practical devotion which forms the best comment on St. James' words, "Ye see then how that by works a man is saved, and not by faith only." Yet it is pleasant to note the fondness with which in the height of his fame he recalled the memory of two plain old Christian brethren who had been as ministers of Christ to him in his native village. "Now, lad!" said one of them on his deathbed to the future apostle of Africa, "make religion the every-day business of your life, and not a thing of fits and starts; for if you do not, temptation and other things will get the better of you." And there is one sentence of his own which coming from one so reticent, carries a world of meaning: "In the glow of love which Christianity inspires, I soon resolved to devote my life to the alleviation of human misery." Thus the man was ready; and only waited some indication of his appointed work. Strong willed, honest, and sturdily independent as he was, influences had reached him that unsealed the larger life of love already latent within. A career of money-getting or the ambition of fame, or even the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, however honourable each may be in its place, was henceforth impossible for him. And he was throughout all his life a conspicuous illustration of the invariable law by which any genuine "enthusiasm of humanity" seems dependent on the love of God.

The purpose Livingstone had in view when he entered on a course of medical study was to fit himself "to be a pioneer of Christianity in China." Unaided, as we have seen, by any patronage, he finished that course, and was admitted a licentiate. His success, however, was nearly marred by the persistency with which in the presence of the examiners he adhered to an opinion of his own about the powers of the stethoscope. And in the same uncompromising spirit of independence he had intended to make his way to China unhampered by connection with any organized society. But some friends hav-

ing commended to his consideration the unsectarian character of the London Missionary Society, which, as they assured him, "sent neither episcopacy, nor presbyterianism, nor independence, but the gospel of Christ to the heathen," he was induced to offer himself for the acceptance of that Society. Yet he says, "It was not without a pang that I offered myself; for it was not quite agreeable to one accustomed to work his own way to become in a measure dependent on others, and I would not have been much put about though my offer had been rejected." Difficulties created by the opium war prevented his going to China. The interest excited by the apostolic labours of Mr. Moffat in South Africa, diverted the young aspirant's enthusiasm to another field; and in 1840, David Livingstone first landed in Cape Town.

Let us now for a moment glance at the new world which dawned upon the youthful philanthropist. As far north as the Orange River the country was already very well known, the character of the population passing through many shades, from the European civilization of the colony to the untamed savagery of the border. Beyond that border, some hundred and fifty miles north of the great river, Mr. Moffat, whose daughter Livingstone married, and who now in venerable and honoured age survives both daughter and son-in-law, had established an advanced post of missionary effort at Kuruman. Northward and westward from this point extends the trackless Kalahari Desert, peopled only by a few wandering bushmen. North-east lay a more promising country, inhabited by the great family of Bechuana tribes, on whose southern borders the Trans-Vaal Boers, with some slight pretension to the arts, practised far more perfectly the vices, of civilized life. Otherwise the whole interior of the southern continent, from Kuruman to the equator—an extent of about 1,600 miles—and from the borders of Angola to the east coast, was practically an unknown world, a sheer blank on the map, varied only by some information about the sea-borders, by the dotted course of conjectured rivers, and by still more shadowy hints of rumoured lakes. North of the equator, the travels of Barth, Burton, Speke, Petheric, Baker, and later of Schweinfurth, have traced upwards the branching streams of the still mysterious Nile, until they are lost in a bewildering maze of water-courses and marshes, the southern watershed of



which does not seem as yet, unless Livingstone's posthumous papers should solve the question, to be by any means clearly settled. It is among the chief glories of the deceased discoverer, that while our knowledge of north-eastern Africa has been accumulated little by little through the journeys of successive explorers, aided for the most part by great wealth and armies of followers, David Livingstone, with an income of only some hundred pounds a year down to 1856, and until then unhelpt by wealthy patrons, alone, and armed only by the power of character, solved the whole mystery of the southern continent, and laid down clearly the main configuration, the watersheds, and the approximate levels of a country covering some three million square miles. The great Zambesi River, with its Chobe, Liambai, Loangwa, and Shire tributaries, the central lakes from Ngami to Tanganyika, the great plateau with its eastern and western mountain ridges, giving the key to the more recent geological history, and the present physical constitution of equatorial Africa,—all were brought from the obscurity of rumour to the light of certainty by one man. In addition he threw such light upon the philological and political relations of the African tribes that no traveller hereafter need grope his way in the dark. And he contributed to science a variety of curious and important observations, which very considerably enlarge our knowledge of nature. When further we consider that far the larger and the more difficult part of this enterprise was accomplished while the traveller was still a humble missionary, in somewhat abnormal relations with the Society which sent him forth, for long periods without a base of operations, and wholly cut off from even the most distant communications with civilized life, we think we may venture to say that it was a feat unparalleled in the whole history of discovery.

The motives which led to this extraordinary enterprise will be best understood by a brief reference to Livingstone's early endeavours to establish a new missionary station in advance of Kuruman. His first and apparently promising attempt at Kolobeng (lat. 24 S., long. 26 E.), among the friendly tribe of the Bakwains, a branch of the Bechuanas, was frustrated by an outbreak of war. Thence he removed to the generally fruitful valley of Mabotsa, not far distant; where he continued for several years diligently to teach

the people, not the gospel only, but the arts of civilization. A long drought, however, greatly distressed the tribe, and distracted their attention from his ministrations. It was here that his work was very nearly brought to an untimely end by the attack of a lion, which sprang upon him as he was, in the act of loading his gun, and so severely injured his arm between the shoulder and elbow that the bone was never firmly re-united again. The curious description he has left on record of the effect of the shock, which, without depriving him of consciousness, destroyed all sense of pain and fear while he was in the grasp of the brute, affords an interesting study of the border-land between psychology and physiology. But more significant of the character of the man is the odd contempt with which he always spoke of lions, as on the whole sneaking and cowardly beasts, "somewhat larger than the biggest dog," "partaking very strongly of the canine features," and altogether a very much overrated sort of animal. He considered that our painters' "ideas of majesty are usually shown by making their lions' faces like old women in nightcaps." "To talk of the majestic roar of the lion is mere majestic twaddle." "The silly ostrich makes a noise as loud." We confess we have been unable to correct our prejudices in the Zoological Gardens, to which Dr. Livingstone refers us. And, as we cannot impute to him any imitation of the natives, who, when threatened by a lion, relieve their feelings by reviling the beast's character, his father and mother, and all his kith and kin, we are compelled to think that we have in such passages an illustration of the great traveller's almost morbid dread of sensationalism as a temptation of explorers.\*

In addition to native wars and drought, the missionary work was hindered by a still more deadly influence through the vicinity of the Trans-Vaal Boers. These people, like many of their superiors, were convinced that they understood far better than any philanthropists, "the proper treatment" of the blacks.\* This "proper treatment," of course, included slavery under some thin disguise, with a "spirited policy" of blood and iron when that was resisted. On one occasion, during the

\* In connection with the above incident, we well remember how, when on a visit to England, he was eagerly questioned by a group of sympathetic friends as to what he was thinking of when in the lion's grasp, and how he quietly answered, that he was thinking, with a feeling of disinterested curiosity, which part of him the brute would eat first.

absence of Livingstone on one of his numerous shorter journeys, four hundred of these ruffians attacked the settlement, and besides carrying off two hundred mission school children into slavery, destroyed large quantities of stores, tore up the missionary's library, and robbed him of his whole stock of furniture and clothing. It became abundantly clear that nothing could be done until the country to the north, from which the Boers were resolved to exclude English influence, should be opened up in spite of them.

I do not mention these things [says Livingstone] by way of making a pitiful wail over my losses, nor in order to excite commiseration; for, though I do feel sorry for the loss of lexicons, dictionaries, and so on, which had been the companions of my boyhood, yet, after all, the plundering only set me entirely free for my expedition to the north; and I have never since had a moment's concern for anything I left behind. *The Boers resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country; and we shall see who have been most successful in resolution — they or I.*

The words we have italicized illustrate not only the motives with which the great journey was undertaken, but also the temper in which it was accomplished. In Livingstone's "natural man" there was indisputably what would be vulgarly called, "a spice of the devil." Or at any rate, to put it more politely, there was a good deal of what a German philosopher has called the "demoniacal element" in human nature. He could not bear to be beaten. His blood rose at opposition; and when that opposition took the form of outrage on principles he held dear, still more of contempt for the divine hopes he cherished concerning the degraded humanity around him, his purpose became, not indeed a flaming passion, but a sort of calm white heat of resolve, which burned and bored its way unquenched through every obstacle. That purpose was strengthened year after year by a growing conviction that neither the arts of civilized life, nor even the religion that inspired his own soul, can ever do much for Africa until legitimate commerce has supplanted the horrible traffic in human flesh and blood which is the immemorial curse of the whole continent. And though his mission was one of peace, it derived all the ardour of martial zeal from the quenchless hatred he cherished to this intolerable wrong.

Livingstone's first idea when the impracticability of missionary work in the vicinity of the Boers became apparent, was

to put the Kalahari Desert between himself and his unpleasant neighbours, in the hope of finding a healthful settlement beyond it. There can be little doubt that this desert, which no white man had ever crossed, and which the Bechuanas themselves declared to be impassable, had done much to encourage the old notion that the unknown interior of Africa was a worthless sandy waste, in which bewildered rivers lost themselves in vain. Livingstone, however, was not to be daunted. He had in his first tentative journeys the advantage of English companions in Messrs. Oswell and Murray. He succeeded, though at considerable risk, in carrying his wife and children with him; and was rewarded with the discovery of Lake Ngami, the first instalment of the water treasures which he was to be the means of unveiling to the world. But he had no idea at that time how vast was the river system with which this sheet of water was connected. These tentative efforts were a good discipline for the work that was to come. The Bechuana chiefs, on one pretext or another, refused him guides, and the bushmen whom he obtained ran away at a most critical time. On one occasion the oxen were four days without water. On another, his own family was in serious danger of perishing through thirst. Their bushman guide, Shobo, gave them no hope of water in less than a month. The rest of that adventure shall be told in the traveller's own language:—

Provisionally, however, we came sooner than we expected to some supplies of rain water in a chain of pools. It is impossible to convey an idea of the dreary scene on which we entered after leaving this spot. The only vegetation was a low shrub in deep sand; not a bird or insect enlivened the landscape. It was, without exception, the most uninviting prospect I ever beheld; and to make matters worse, our guide, Shobo, wandered on the second day. We coaxed him on at night, but he went to all points of the compass on the trails of elephants which had been here in the rainy season; and then would sit down in the path, and in his broken Sichuana say, "No water, all country only—Shobo sleeps; he breaks down—country only," and then coolly curl himself up and go to sleep. The oxen were terribly fatigued and thirsty, and on the morning of the fourth day, Shobo, after professing ignorance of everything, vanished altogether. We went on in the direction in which we last saw him, and about eleven o'clock began to see birds; then the trail of a rhinoceros. At this we unyoked the oxen, and they, apparently knowing the sign, rushed along to find water in the river



Mahábe, which comes from the Yamanakle, and lay to the west of us. The supply of water in the waggons had been wasted by one of our servants, and by the afternoon only a small portion remained for the children. This was a bitterly anxious night; and next morning, the less there was of water, the more thirsty the little rogues became. The idea of their perishing before our eyes was terrible. It would almost have been a relief to me to have been reproached with being the entire cause of the catastrophe, but not one syllable of upbraiding was uttered by their mother, though the tearful eye told the agony within. In the afternoon of the fifth day, to our inexpressible relief, some of the men returned with a supply of that fluid of which we had never before felt the true value.

It became clear that failing the discovery of a healthy station, the missionary must surrender the companionship of wife and children, to continue the work of exploration alone. Nor was it the character of the country only which made it difficult to obtain a settlement. One important condition of success was that the new station should be free from the Tsetse fly, as capricious in its *habitat*, as it is destructive in its ravages. The whole insect tribe, which the Hebrews feelingly consigned to the lordship of Beelzebub, contains apparently no creature so worthy of that dark patronage as this abominable Tsetse fly. Unable to harm mankind, it strikes at civilized men through the creatures most serviceable to them, and most generally honoured by their friendship. "Not much larger than the common house fly," its tiny jaws bring more certain death to ox, horse, or dog, than even the bite of a lion. Insidious as the great Spirit of mischief, it does not startle the ox as the gad-fly does. The poor dull brute grazes on in dumb stolidity, altogether unconscious that grim death is within the whisk of his tail. But in a little time, a few days at most, the animal seems smitten by a combination of catarrh, paralysis, and consumption. There is a running at the eyes and nose; the coat stares as though with cold; the beast is afflicted with staggering and blindness; emaciation commences; the muscles become flabby and soft as dough; the whole of the body throughout every tissue becomes a mass of disease; and a miserable death ensues. No care can guard against this plague; no medicine can meet it. Wherever it prevails, cattle become an impossible form of wealth. Happily its ravage is not unlimited; though the bounds which restrain it are as uncertain, as

mysterious, and unaccountable as its powers of mischief. A district generally free from the insect may apparently have spots here and there to which it obstinately adheres. A stream only a few yards in width, and easily passable by any winged creature, forms a barrier as effective as Faust's pentagram. Nay, though numbers of the fly have been observed busily feeding on meat which was carried across such a stream, yet they never remained on that forbidden side, or if they did they lost all their power of evil. Another puzzle in the nature of this entomological paradox, is its harmlessness towards all wild beasts, however closely allied to the domestic ox; and also the immunity of the goat, the ass, and the mule. That the last should be altogether unaffected by a bite, which to the parent horse would be inevitable death, is surely one of the most curious phenomena of the organic world. But it was not as a curiosity; it was as a practical difficulty that Livingstone had to deal with the Tsetse fly. And it may perhaps share with the Boers the credit of the opposition which roused him to the great exploit of his life.

Finding that the duration of these tentative explorations must be uncertain, he sent his wife and children to England in the spring of 1852, and in June of that year left the Cape for his great northward journey. He had already discovered that the great Zambesi River, which, according to the Portuguese conjectural maps, was placed much farther to the east, actually rolled a lordly flood not far to the northwest of Ngami Lake. His first object was to reach that river once more, and make further observations of its course. Having cattle with him, he took a new route with a view of avoiding certain Tsetse districts which had been fatal before. And this plunged him into new difficulties, which, without involving any sensational elements of danger, were such as to illustrate, better even than his defiance of the Boers, the indomitable persistency of the man. The waters of Ngami find their way through sluggish channels, which often overflow vast plains, to the Zambesi River. Thus the country through which he had to pass consisted of wide flats, ankle deep in water, and covered with thick grass reaching above the knees. Every now and then this unpleasant sort of ground was varied by deep trenches, lined or filled with reeds six or eight feet in height, often bound together into a wall

of natural wattle by the climbing convolvulus, interspersed with serrated grass, which "cut the hands like a razor." What a country was this in which to be deserted by guides, and left with companions weakened by fever, in utter ignorance of everything but that the Chobe lay somewhere to the north-west, and must be got at and crossed somehow! A precipice, a rapid river, a burning desert would present definite obstacles capable of calculation. But probably nothing could be more trying to a man's resolve than the clogging and bewildering resistance of such a soft and sloppy wilderness. Leaving the waggon, he went on with a single companion, splashed through the long swampy grass for a whole day, was brought to a halt by impassable reeds, slept in a tree, struggled next day through reeds, brambles, and papyrus, like Gulliver amongst the Brobdignagian wheat-stalks; found all was no use, and tried an opposite direction, slept on an ant-hill, splashed for a third day through the swamp, finally found an opening to the Chobe, and coming back for a pontoon he had, launched it upon the bosom of the river. After paddling for half a day, he and his companion came upon a Makololo village, the inhabitants of which cried out, "He has dropped among us from the clouds, yet came riding on the back of a hippopotamus!" The waggon was afterwards taken to pieces and conveyed across the river, where the party soon found their way to the Makololo head-quarters of Linyanti.

As this was Livingstone's base of operations in his great march across the continent, it deserves a word or two of remark. Its history illustrates the fluctuations of war and conquest which keep African life in perpetual uncertainty, and the character of its people affords some encouragement to philanthropy amidst the generally hideous monotony of barbarism. Sebituane, the reigning chief at the time when Ngami was discovered, but who died during a subsequent visit of Livingstone, was in many respects a remarkable man. Born some eight or nine hundred miles to the south of the Zambesi, he was exposed in early life to all the vicissitudes of savage warfare; and at the same time had many opportunities of observing the advantages that were promised by friendly intercourse with white races. Gathering a band of warriors around him he fought his way northward to a settlement among the

Bakwains. Here, however, the Boers and the Matabele, an exceedingly warlike branch of the Zulu family, alternately fell upon him; and at length he was forced to take the desperate resolve of crossing the Kalahari Desert with his followers. On a second attempt, after twice suffering the loss of all his cattle, which broke away in the madness of thirst, he succeeded in reaching the Zambesi country. Here the Batoka, under pretense of helping him across the river, endeavoured to separate his party, and leave them to perish on uninhabited islands. Sebituane, however, politely insisted on the honour of the island chief's company until the whole party was safely across; and then provoked, not unwillingly, by hostile manifestations, fell upon the Batoka, and subdued them. Here the Matabele, under the renowned warrior Mosilikatse, attacked him once more, and captured all his women and his cattle. Nothing daunted, he reinforced himself, pursued the victorious enemy, and returned triumphant with the recovery of his people and his property. Anticipating Livingstone, he now formed the design of following the great river into the country of the white men. Sharing the first Napoleon's confidence in the power of artillery, he believed that if he could only obtain a cannon, he would be secure of peace. It is curious to find the barbarism of civilization thus reproduced in the groping of barbarism towards civilization. Neither the "whiff of grape-shot," which blew away the French revolution, nor the paradoxical maxim, "*Si vis pacem para bellum*," had ever been reported to this African magnate. But both the precedent and the maxim were embodied in his policy as studiously as if he had been educated in the War Office, or in the circles of civilized diplomacy. Nor was there wanting the semblance of those supernatural blessings, for the sake of which a State church is supposed to be established. For Sebituane was warned from the eastward migration he had proposed, by a prophet, who, in the ecstasy of afflatus, exclaimed, pointing down the river, "There, I behold a fire: shun it; it is a fire that may scorch thee. The gods say, go not thither." Then pointing westward, the same prophet said:—

I see a city and nation of black men—men of the water; their cattle are red; thine own tribe, Sebituane, is perishing, and will be all consumed; thou wilt govern black men; and when thy warriors have captured red cattle,

let not the owners be killed: they are thy future tribe; they are thy city; let them be spared to cause thee to build. And thou, Ramosinii, thy village will perish utterly. If Mokari removes from that village he will perish first, and thou, Ramosinii, wilt be the last to die.

These personal predictions were curiously fulfilled in the course of a fresh attack by the Matabele; and after repelling this fresh invasion so effectually that Mosilikatse did not dare to renew it, Sebituane naturally enough followed the advice which seemed to be grounded on supernatural information. He established himself at Linyanti, and consolidated a strong dominion, extending over some five degrees of latitude and longitude in the very heart of Southern Africa. When he died, his son Sekeletu being only a youth, the chieftainship devolved upon a daughter. But she does not seem to have been educated up to the modern doctrines of woman's rights. Her position debarred her from an ordinary marriage, and gave her little satisfaction. In a three days' debate she stoutly maintained the claims of her brother; and ending in a passion of unqueenly tears, she cried, "I have been a chief only because my father wished it. I always would have preferred to be married and have a family like other women. You, Sekeletu, must be chief, and build up your father's house." This Sekeletu was Livingstone's loyal friend and supporter during the eventful years that followed.

Nothing could have been more fortunate, or to speak with more reverent faith, nothing could have been more providential than the establishment of this Makololo dominion. It had destroyed a system of river piracy which would have made the great journey impossible. It had ensured a friendly reception throughout several hundred miles up and down the stream. The Makololo aristocracy, like the Normans in England, infused something of their own vigour and enterprise into the tribes whom they incorporated with themselves. And Sebituane's sagacious desire for intercourse and commerce with white races—a desire which neither the brutality of Boers, nor prophetic warnings of a fire in the East could eradicate—had descended to Sekeletu, and was shared by the whole of the tribe. Moreover, the vicissitudes of a wandering and warlike life had made these men more susceptible to discipline, and less fearful of the unknown than most of their sable brethren. Above all,

they were as yet at least comparatively uncontaminated by slave dealers. And their frank confidence in the goodness of their white friend's purposes, even when they could not altogether understand them, did as much honour to their own intuition of character, as it did to the inspiring power of his deep human sympathies.

An excursion up the course of the Zambesi, called here the Liambai, discovered only a country continually exposed to inundations, against which the native Barotse protected themselves by raising their villages on mounds. The innumerable and generally sluggish streams, without any banks to speak of, looked like the last stage in the retirement of a great deluge. And this indeed suggests the theory which Sir Roderick Murchison had already formed, and which Livingstone verified, concerning the more recent physical history of Central Africa. But however interesting in a geological point of view, this state of things was not favourable to the establishment of a mission station.

I had thus a fair excuse, if I had chosen to avail myself of it, of coming home and saying that "the door was shut," because the Lord's time was not yet come. But believing that it was my duty to devote some portion of my life to these (to me at least) very confiding and affectionate Makololo, I resolved to follow out the second part of my plan now that I had failed in accomplishing the first. The Leeba seemed to come from the N. and by W., or N.N.W.; so, having an old Portuguese map, which pointed out the Coanza as rising from the middle of the continent in nine degrees south latitude, I thought it probable that when we had ascended the Leeba (from 14° 11m) two or three degrees, we should then be within one hundred and twenty miles of the Coanza, and find no difficulty in following it down to the coast near Loanda. This was the logical deduction; but, as is the case with many a plausible theory, one of the premises was decidedly defective. The Coanza, as we afterwards found, does not come from anywhere near the centre of the country.

There was another reason why such an expedition should be hastened. Although, as we have said, the Makololo were as yet comparatively uncorrupted by the slave trade, there were signs that this would not long continue to be the case. Touters of that vile traffic, Arabs from Zanzibar, and Mambari from Bihé and the West, had already met in this central region. Livingstone's influence was quite sufficient to hinder their business for the present. But he knew well

enough that nothing less than the establishment of legitimate commerce would neutralize the leaven of wickedness. The Makololo themselves were quite as anxious as he was for the accomplishment of his design, and for very much the same reason. The Mambari cheated them in the miserable prices paid for ivory; and they wanted to ascertain for themselves how prices ruled at the coast. Accordingly, a town's meeting was called to consider the subject. This is only one of many incidents which show how simply and confidently Livingstone was in the habit of throwing himself upon the sympathies of the people.

In these assemblies great freedom of speech is allowed; and on this occasion one of the old diviners said, "Where is he taking you to? This white man is throwing you away. Your garments already smell of blood." It is curious to observe how much identity of character appears all over the world. This man was a noted croaker. He always dreamed something dreadful in every expedition, and was certain that an eclipse or comet betokened the propriety of flight. But Sebituane formerly set his visions down to cowardice, and Sekeletu only laughed at him now. The general voice was in my favour; so a band of twenty-seven were appointed to accompany me to the West. These men were not hired, but sent to enable me to accomplish an object as much desired by the chief and most of his people as by me.

Two plagues were to be avoided on the route—the Tsetse fly and the slave dealer. This twofold condition prevented the adoption of the shortest route to the sea. Accordingly, the course of the Liambai and then of the Leeba was followed as far as the watershed between Central and Western Africa. Then the Coango, flowing in a wide valley between high lands, was crossed, Angola was reached, and the rest of the journey was comparatively easy. The different sections of that journey, and the main features of the country are now so familiar to us, that we are liable to forget how entirely unknown at that time was the greater part of the land through which the little band of explorers had to pass. After they had once passed the borders of the Makololo domain, they had to feel their way from village to village, throwing themselves generally on the good faith of the inhabitants, and trusting for general direction to the course of rivers and to astronomical observations. But it is not our purpose to recount the incidents of this exploit. Our aim has been to show how the work that made this man so justly

famous grew out of the noble nature of his soul. And if we have at all succeeded in this we care not, while, as it were, standing by his open tomb, to catalogue the scientific results of his discoveries. We are anxious mainly to note how the same manly faith, sturdy independence, and large human heart, which had been his only armour hitherto, sustained the vigour of his purpose to the end.

The length of the journey from Linyanti to Loanda by the route adopted was about 1,200 miles. The start was made on November 11th, 1853, and the coast was reached in June, 1854. Seven months seem a long time for such a distance. But a traveller who at every step has to allay the suspicions, or overcome the hostility, or circumvent the caprices of natives to whom he appears like a vision from another world, is necessarily liable to vexatious delays. In these days of elaborate and expensive explorations, supported by armies of attendants, it sounds almost incredible, but it is true, that the whole amount of currency which Livingstone took with him on this journey, for the purpose of paying his way, was twenty pounds of beads, worth forty shillings. For the supply of food to his party, he generally relied on his rifle; but it must be confessed he was put to great straits before he arrived at his destination. "I had always found," he says, "that the art of successful travel consisted in taking as few 'impedimenta' as possible, and not forgetting to carry my wits about me." "I had a secret conviction," he adds, "that if I did not succeed it would not be for lack of the 'nick-nacks' advertised as indispensable for travellers, but from want of 'pluck,' or because a large array of baggage excited the cupidity of the tribes through whose country we wished to pass." In this light marching order, the expedition descended the Chobe in canoes to the confluence with the Liambai (Zambesi). Then turning up stream they followed the river to about lat. 13 S. Here they entered a tributary called the Leeba, which comes from a north-westerly direction, while the main river is found flowing round an abrupt bend from the east. This tributary was followed up to Lake Dilolo (lat. 11, 30 S.), from which it issues; and which was found to be situated on the watershed between Western and Central Africa. This is a point of great interest, for, taken in connection with other observations, it led the traveller to the surmise that the whole south-



ern continent might be divided longitudinally into three districts — a central plateau, guarded by ridges of moderate height, having on either hand two strips of coast land with river systems of their own clearly distinguishable, though now enriched by the waters of the centre. This central plateau looks like the bed of an immense inland sea, of which the remaining lakes are remnants, and the river-courses the drains. At any rate, the bottom of any shallow pond, when emptied by a sluice, presents in its oozy banks of mud, separated by sluggish rills and interspersed with little pools, a miniature semblance of the impression made on our minds by the descriptions Livingstone and others have given of the watery regions of Central Africa.

It was after passing this watershed that the expedition was exposed to imminent danger by an ill-mannered and inhospitable tribe — the Chiboque — who had been exposed to slave-dealing influences, and who, with a formula to which Livingstone soon became accustomed, demanded “a man, an ox, a gun, powder, cloth, or a shell.” By a skilful arrangement, quietly carried out, he obtained an interview with the chiefs, who were forthwith surrounded by the Makololo. “I then said,” he continues, “that as one thing after another had failed to satisfy them, it was evident that *they* wanted to fight, while *we* only wanted to pass peaceably through the country; that they must begin first, and bear the guilt before God: we would not fight till they had struck the first blow. I then sat silent for some time. It was rather trying for me, because I knew that the Chiboque would aim at the white man first; but I was careful not to appear flurried, and, having four barrels ready for instant action, looked quietly at the savage scene around.” It need scarcely be added that the Chiboque saw fit to accept a compromise, and the expedition went on its way rejoicing. And this is only one out of a number of cases which might be selected, did space permit, to illustrate the combination of reasonableness, sympathy, and persistent firmness, by which David Livingstone pushed his way unharmed through the stolidity of ignorant opposition. His policy was a practical comment on St. Peter’s words, “So is the will of God, that with well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.”

After a somewhat lengthened stay in Loanda, where the Makololo supported themselves by a trade in firewood, and showed

considerable aptitude for business, the expedition set out on the return journey, taking generally the same route. At one point, however, in crossing the ridge between the western and the central land, a detour was made, which, if it had been carried far enough, would have brought Livingstone to the verge, if not into the very midst of all his latest discoveries. From Cabango, the most northerly point of this detour in the return journey, a month’s march E.N.E. would have brought him to the capital of Matiamvo’s dominion, or as Schweinfurth calls it, “the half mythical empire of Mwata-Yanvo.” This appears to be the largest kingdom in Central Africa, not excepting that of the Monbutoo. Matiamvo is described by Livingstone himself as paramount chief of all Loanda; \* and this, according to Stanley’s information, extends to Lake Tanganyika. Thus, had the former been able to reach Matiamvo’s capital from the west, he might have obtained at that early date all the information in pursuit of which he has now lost his life. But this was not to be. He considered himself, for the time, in the service of the Makololo tribe. The difficulties of procuring food by the way had proved greater than he anticipated. And though he had drawn £70 in Loanda, so much had already been expended in repairing losses and making provision for an immediate return to Linyanti, that he was unwilling to expose his faithful companions to the perils of an enlarged exploration. He therefore made his way back again to the Leeba River, and so down the stream to the Makololo country once more.

A great meeting was immediately called. And the party who had been nearly two years away from home had great wonders to relate. They had been to the end of the world; and had come back safely. “We marched along with our father,” they said, “believing that what the ancients had always told us was true, that the world has no end; but all at once the world said to us, ‘I am finished; there is no more of me.’” This was their description of their first sight of the sea. “They had seen the white men charming their demons.” This was their impression of a ritualistic service in the Cathedral of Loanda. So charmed were they with the issue of their adventure that there was no lack of volunteers for a journey down the Zambesi to the eastern sea.

In November, 1855, the remaining half

\* Cf. map of Livingstone’s route across Africa.

of the march across the continent was commenced, a distance of about a thousand miles. This time 200 men were furnished for the expedition, all of them volunteers, or provided at the expense of Sekeletu. On Livingstone's mention of his inability to pay attendants, the chief's step-father said, "A man wishes, of course, to appear among his friends after a long absence with something of his own to show; the whole of the ivory in the country is yours; so you must take as much as you can, and Sekeletu will furnish men to carry it." This voluntary aid of the natives, given from a grateful appreciation of his motives, and from a really pathetic confidence in his wish and his power to serve them, gives a higher interest in a philanthropic point of view to this first exploration than to either of the two journeys which the great traveller afterwards undertook. Civilization can do little for barbarism unless it succeeds in arousing the interest of the natives themselves in the possibility of a higher life. And Livingstone's brightest laurel consists in the success with which he inspired these men with his own enthusiasm for their improvement. The journey down to the east coast need not detain us. Its most sensational incident was the discovery of the Victoria Falls, properly Mosyoatunya (sounding smoke). But these falls are now so familiar, from sketches and descriptions, that nothing need be said of their wonders here. Another and perhaps more important feature of this eastern travel was the confirmation of Sir Roderick Murchison's theory of Central Africa, by the discovery of the remaining boundary of the central plateau, in a moderately elevated ridge through which the Zambesi finds its way at Zumbo. A section across the whole continent giving the heights observed by Livingstone at various points makes the general construction clear. Thus the level of the central plateau seems to be for the most part about 2,500 feet above the sea. The ground rolls up east and west to about 5,000 feet, and thence rapidly descends to the flat and malarious coasts.

Certain tribes, at war with the Portuguese settlement, threatened to bring the expedition to a violent end; but Livingstone's usual frankness and firmness, as before, overcame their opposition, and turned them into friends. Thus he arrived safely at Quillimane, having traversed the whole continent of Southern Africa, without having to fire a single

shot in self-defence. So devoted was the confidence of his native attendants, that several of them wished to adventure themselves with him across the terrible sea. One only, the head man, Sekwebu, was selected, and he unfortunately came to a tragic end. The almost supernatural wonders of an English man-of-war were too much for him and turned his brain. As they went in the boat across the bar, where the waves were unfortunately rolling to a terrific height, and threatening every moment to swamp them, poor Sekwebu kept asking Livingstone, "Is this the way you go, my father, is this the way you go?" Shortly afterwards, he showed symptoms of insanity; and as Livingstone was averse to having him confined in irons, he soon afterwards threw himself into the sea. What a power must this traveller have attained over the native heart and mind, when the novelties of the new world to which he was leading them might destroy their sanity, but could not shake their confidence in him!

The remainder of Livingstone's work in Africa was a continuance of the same great design to dry up the sources of the slave traffic, and to open up the interior of Africa to the educational influences of Christian civilization. The Zambesi and Shire mission, melancholy as many of its attendant circumstances were, did at any rate open up the course of the latter river, together with its head-waters Nyassa and Shirwa. Besides, it enabled Livingstone to keep faith with his Makololo friends, who had steadfastly awaited his return in the town of Tete. Numbers of them had died of small-pox, and six had been murdered by a neighbouring chief. But his return to Linyanti with the remainder served to deepen the path that had been made; and notwithstanding the great and dread sacrifices by which the first steps of humane enterprise are commonly sanctified, we cannot believe that the sufferings and losses which we have to mourn in the Zambesi district will be allowed to close against civilization the lands so bravely opened up. Livingstone himself was struck by a terrible blow in the loss of his wife, who came out to join him, and died very shortly after her arrival. He was also blamed, though surely without sufficient consideration, because for the first, and as we believe the only time, he allowed himself to be embroiled with the natives, and involved Bishop Mackenzie in hostilities. Yet when the occasion is remembered,



the passage of a slave coffle, consisting of manacled men, women with babes in their arms, and miserable children tottering with wretchedness and fatigue, who can wonder at the sudden indignation which sent the coward drivers flying into the bush? Of the judicious critics who condemn, the worst we wish to say is that, had they been present, they also would have found the common maxim reversed, and valour become the better part of prudence.

Returning from this survey of the Zambesi valley in 1864, Livingstone was encouraged by Sir Roderick Murchison and the Geographical Society to make Zanzibar the base of new operations, the object of which was to explore the neighbourhood of the still shadowy Tanganyika Lake. While all are awaiting the unsealing of those papers which will be like a voice from the dead, it would be almost an impertinence were we to attempt any estimate of the value of those later labours which have ended in the explorer's death. In April, 1866, he commenced the ascent of the Rovuma River, the sources of which are in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa. He was attended by thirty men, twelve of whom were sepoys, and the remainder principally Johanna men from the Comoro islands. Out of the whole thirty there seem to have been only two, Susi and Chumah, who proved faithful, and these appear to have come from the banks of the Zambesi. To the last of these it is that we owe the melancholy tidings sent to us in the beginning of this year. The country along the Rovuma is dense forest, and almost every step had to be cleared by the axe. The sepoys proved lazy, discontented, and useless. They were, therefore, speedily sent back. Near the Lake Nyassa, the Johanna men, alarmed at warlike rumours from the interior, deserted in a body, and carried back that lying report of their leader's death, the falsehood of which, though confidently affirmed by Murchison, was not satisfactorily proved for a considerable time. During the two years and a half in which he was completely cut off from the outer world, Livingstone was laboriously perambulating a hitherto unknown region, amazingly rich in lakes and streams, and more varied than the Zambesi country by mountain heights. He found that the Chambezi River, which at first he took for the head waters of Zambesi, emptied itself into Lake Bangweolo (lat. 12 S., long. 28 E.), a sheet of water guarded by lofty

mountains from all access to the south or west. He discovered that the drainage of this lake was northwards, by a stream, the Luapala, which fell into another lake (Moero) about lat. 8 S. He then found the southern end of Tanganyika, and passing through the country of the Unyamwezi, he arrived in Ujiji in March, 1869. In June of that year, after despatching the letters that finally relieved our apprehensions for his safety, he crossed Tanganyika, and entered a country scarcely known except by vague report even to the Arabs. Here he ascertained that Bangweolo and Moero were but the first of a long chain of lakes connected by streams, the course of which was always towards the north. Two of these he appears to have visited, and he was within a few miles of a third (about lat. 3 S.), when the refusal of his attendants to go any further compelled him to retrace his steps to Ujiji. Arriving there in October, 1871, with the confident expectation of obtaining the supplies of which he was grievously in need, he was dismayed to find that the wretched Arabs who had his goods in charge had given him up for lost, and sold everything. When we remember the terrible toils of this weary journey, during a part of which he suffered agonies from ulcers in his feet, when we bear in mind the disappointment of his forced return, and the expectations that sustained his spirit during the march of 700 miles back to Ujiji, we cannot wonder that for once Livingstone gave way to some bitterness of feeling at what he believed to be the perverse mismanagement which had committed his supplies to untrustworthy hands. But it is only just to his old friend and companion, Dr. Kirk, to remember that before his death, Dr. Livingstone, with the generosity that never failed him, expressed himself as better satisfied with the explanations given.

It would be beside our purpose to offer any judgment on the miscarriage of the Livingstone relief expedition from England. But we will not withhold our tribute of grateful remembrance from the man who anticipated the traveller's own countrymen, and who, despising all timid counsels, plunged headlong into the wilderness, and evading or forcing his way through tribes inflamed by war, reached Ujiji at the very moment when Livingstone was desolate and despairing. Look at it in what light we may, no carping criticism ought to prevent our acknowledgment that the conception and the ex-

ecution of the *New York Herald* expedition originated in a generous thought, and culminated in a splendid achievement. Relief came just at the moment when it was most needed, and if fortune had anything to do with this we are bound to remember that fortune favours the brave.

For any satisfactory or indeed intelligible information concerning the brief period of activity which was yet in reserve, we must wait until the publication of the papers which we trust are safe. The voyage taken in Stanley's company round the northern shore of Tanganyika settled in the negative the question of a possible outlet there; and as fresh water lakes must have an outlet somewhere, Tanganyika remains still a puzzle to geographers, unless indeed the solution is contained in the papers so anxiously expected. All we can gather is that the persistently northward flow of the great water system he had observed led Livingstone to conjecture that he was near the real sources of the Nile, and encouraged in him the hope that by the discovery of the fountains mentioned by Herodotus he might add one more illustration to the many that have been given of the careful accuracy with which the "father of history" selected his sources of information. Whether he succeeded or not we cannot tell. In April or May of last year he seems to have been returning from a circuit round Lake Bangweolo; and through the effects of a long march over swampy ground, he was seized with the dysentery, which put an end to his earthly labours.

As we review this long career of heroic devotion and splendid discovery, we repeat that the nobility of the character arrests our attention even more than the greatness of the work. We believe that the story of that life, if simply recorded by a loving hand, will be rich in moral inspirations more precious to humanity than any enlargement of physical knowledge. Self-forgetful devotion to a great mission is not so common in any age that we can afford to make light of its illustrious examples. There is a great deal of sentimental benevolence in our time; nor is this to be altogether despised. Not unfrequently, too, we have bright conspicuous instances of self-denying enthusiasm in the pursuit of some special branch of knowledge. But the loyalty to God which is simply content to be an insignificant link in the chain of His eternal purpose, the largeness of heart which

feels in the growing destinies of humanity the highest indications of that purpose, the generosity of sympathy which finds in the outcast or the barbarian the nearest brotherhood, the calm judgment which apportionments means to ends, and the quenchless ardour which no slow delays can damp — these are not qualities commonly found in union; and when they do meet in one man, as they did in David Livingstone, they make the true hero. His career, if read aright, should teach the world that religion is not a speciality of dogmas and ceremonies, but a great sanctifying influence, catholic enough to embrace all forms of fruitful labour, and intense enough to touch them all with the peculiar energy of inspiration. The charm wielded by his manly frankness, his reasonableness, his firmness in intercourse with barbarous races, ought to be a lesson to the nation, which so often has to feel ashamed of petty victories over savage tribes. His faith in humanity, notwithstanding the falsehoods and treasons to which he was often exposed, is a rebuke to the lipping misanthropy by which our golden youth signify their sense of their own importance. And while his discernment of Africa's real needs condemns the futile dream of a civilization that should consist mainly in chapels and hymn-books, the triumph of his hardy and loving soul over both savage man and untamed nature revives afresh our ancient confidence in the supremacy of spiritual power. Familiar already in our mouths as household words, the name of David Livingstone, with all its heroic associations, will, we believe, be amongst the noblest and most inspiring traditions which this generation contributes to the future of the world.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
THE WHITE CAT.

I.

SOME years are profitless when we look back to them, others seem like treasuries to which we turn again and again when our store is spent out — treasuries of sunny mornings, green things, birds piping, friends greeting, voices of children at play. How happy and busy they are as they heap up their stores! Golden chaff, crimson tints, chesnuts, silver lights — it is all put away for future use; and years hence they will look back to it, and the lights of their past will reach

them as starlight reaches us, clear, sweet, vivid, and entire, travelling through time and space.

Our children have never ceased to speak of the delights of a certain August that some of us once spent in a Presbytery with thick-piled walls and deep-cut windows and an old enclosed courtyard. The walls and windows were hung with ancient clematis hangings, green, and starred with fragrant flowers. They were dropping from the stones where the monks, who once lived in the old Presbytery, and served the Church, had nailed them up, a century before. These sweet tangled hangings swayed when the sea-wind blew village-wards; sometimes a bird would start from some hidden chink, and send the white petals flying into the room where we were sitting at the open window, or upon the children's yellow heads, as they played in their shady corner of the courtyard. Played at endless games—at knights, kings and queens, sleeping beauties, fashionable ladies, owls in ivy towers, beggars and giants. Tiny Dodo and baby Francis are the giants, and Marjory and Binnie are the rescuing knights, and little Anne is the captive maiden with a daisy in her hat.

We have all been children at more or less distance of time, and we can all remember the wonderful long games, the roses and daisies of early youth—their sweet overpowering beauty. Once upon a time there was a great French cabbage rose at the end of a garden pathway, hanging to a wall behind which the sun always set. A little girl, a great many years ago, used to fly to that rose for silent consolation, and after half a lifetime, being still in need of consolation, came back to look for the rose—and found it. The rose was still hanging to the wall, scenting the air in conscious, sweet flush of dignity. The charm was still there. Something of the same aspect seemed to cling to the straight poplar roads, to the west and the east of that wide and tranquil land—where the lights broke into clearer changes day by day, where a family party had assembled after long separation. The elders and the children had come from two ends of the world; H. and I arrived first, then came Major Frank and his wife, with their Indian boxes, H. scarcely believing in her own tender heart's happiness as she clasped her son once more. Its happiness had been hardly earned by many a long hour of anxious watch; by many a

cruel pang of terrified parting. But she may rest now for a time. Hence bats, owls, apprehensions, newts' tongues, evil things!—come peace, innocent pleasures, good coffee, and fine weather, golden content, friends meeting, and peaceful hours in the old Presbytery, which has opened its creaking gates to us.

There is a courtyard in front of the house, enclosed by crumbling walls, wreathed, as I have said, with clematis and straggling vines, in neglectful profusion. Outside our great gate the village passes by, in blouses, in cotton nightcaps and cart wheels, in chattering voices, that reach us, with the sound of bells from the Norman tower of the church. We can hear them from the garden at the back of the house, which Madame Valentin, our landlady, used to cultivate herself, with the assistance of her cook. Madame was to be seen opening her shutters in her camisole and nightcap, to the sound of many early chirrupings and singings, in the light of morning dew-drops and rainbows. The old Presbytery garden of a morning seemed all strung with crisp crystals. They broke from the mossy apple trees, flashed from the spiky gooseberry bushes, hung from trailing vine branches that the monks had nailed up against the grey stone. It was almost a pity the monks were gone and had given place to the very unpoetic and untidy old lady, whom we used to see clipping her lettuces from the Prior's room.

The children had never been abroad before, and to them (as to their elders, indeed) the commonest daily commonplace of life in the little seaport were treats and novelties. The white caps, the French talk, the country-women and vegetables in the market-place, the swaddling babies, the fishermen coming up from the sea, with their brown bare legs and red caps, carrying great shining fish with curly tails. Madame Valentin, our landlady, herself was a treat to our children, though I must confess that their mother and H. and I all fled before her. There was also a certain Madame Baton next door who kept a poultry yard, and who for Marjory and Binnie, and the rest of them, seemed to be a person of rare talent and accomplishment. She milked a cow (she kept it in a room opening out of her kitchen); she made lace on a cushion; she was enormously rich—so the bathing woman had said in the water. She clacked about in her wooden shoes for hours before the children were up,

drove a cart, and had rabbits in a hutch. She wore a great white cotton nightcap, with a tassel at the end, which seemed to possess some strange attraction for little Binnie especially. One day I found the little girl standing alone with the old peasant woman in the courtyard, quietly facing Madame Baton, with little folded hands, and asking endless questions in her sweet whistle, to which Madame Baton answered in the gruffest French, while the cow stood by listening and nodding its stupid head. Binnie could not understand what Madame Baton was saying, but she invented it as she went along, and thought it was grandmamma's story (so she told us afterwards) about the cotton nightcaps. "Would the cow and the farm fly away if Madame Baton took off hers?" said little Binnie; "O I wish, I wish she would try!" H. and I used to tell the children a story about enchanted caps and hard-working peasant people, who prospered so long as they kept to their caps and laboured in their fields; but who lost all their prosperity when they threw off their homely head-gear and went away in fine feathers and ribbons to walk in the streets of the neighbouring towns. Then came the sprites to clear their stores, to ruin their farms, to suck their eggs and milk their cows, and the hens ceased to lay, and the crops dwindled and dwindled, and the fish failed in the nets. It was a very self-evident little apologue, but Binnie and little Annie firmly believed in it. Marjory, who was older, had her doubts. Meanwhile, we all took to calling the place "White Cotton Nightcap Country." . . . They are playing at ogres in the courtyard in front of the house to-day. H. and I sit listening to the happy little voices that reach us in a cool, green-lighted room, which the priests once used as a refectory, and whence we hear all the choir, of flutes and dulcimers, of sweet childish prattling and piping in the sunny court. Our landlady looks out, in her camisole, from a bowery shutter; the priest, who is lodging in the empty wing of the house, crosses in the sunshine, with a long shadow zigzagging after him. The little golden-headed ogres stop short in their game to watch him go by. As he pushes at the great gateway, a lean, black-robed figure thrusting at the rusty bar, the swinging bell begins to ring, the great gates suddenly fly open, the priest starts away, and a stranger walks in quickly.

He carries no breviary in his hand, but

a newspaper under his arm. He wears a straw hat, no black robes flap about him; but as he comes towards us, walking straight and quickly across the yard, H. and I, who from long habit guess at one another's thought, glance at the retreating priest, and then look at each other and think of the preachers who, coming in commonest garb, teach true things to true men; preach the love that endures truth; preach with living voice and clear-eyed looks, scorn for oppression and for the mean surrender of the strong; preach help and wisdom for the weak; preach forbearance to the impatient; preach sacred endeavour; men, standing on the high step of a mighty altar, whose voices we of the great congregation listen to, day by day, as their noble words

touch enough

The verge of vastness to inform our soul.

This friend has walked five miles from his village "best loved of sea-coast nook-full Normandy" to welcome us. There is a little gooseberry and pear-tree orchard at the back of the house, where the vines are tangling green. Albinia and her husband have been sitting there for hours past on Madame Valentin's green bench. Kind H. carries off our friend to see her new-come children, who have travelled so many Indian miles to hold her hand once more, and our visitor has surely earned a broken chair and a cup of Angele's good coffee, after his hot and tiring walk. He must rest for an hour in the shade, while the day is burning on and ripening among the mossy things; the golden flames are in the pears hanging overhead, in the great dahlias blazing in gloomy splendour; the birds seem on fire as they flash past us; the clouds in heaven are tinted; the children come up in unwearied procession — they are fairies now, they say — except Francis, who is tired, and wants always to be an ogre. Then the bell begins to swing from the Norman tower.

Angele comes out and brings cups of milk and hunches of bread, and pinafores to match, and immediately the fairies become little children again, and quite ready for their tea. And meanwhile we elders sit in this apple-tree bower, talking over one thing and another. As we talk on, of Angele with her wooden shoes and flapping cap, of the flat country, of the evening light, the quiet seaside place, that we like we know not why, the people living near; the poet puts a meaning into homely words, and touches us with his



wings, as poets do, and out of common talk and of discordant things his genius strikes the key-note dominating all.

## II.

LONG after our guest had taken leave and walked home by the sands, we sat on in our garden. Madame Valentin came mysteriously through the twilight, carrying a lettuce for her supper; she also had a letter in her hand, which she was scanning in the moonlight.

"That gentleman who had been here; did he expect a letter?" she asked. "Was his name Hug. Gourlé?" The postman, knowing we were English, had sent the letter by the miller's wife. Madame Valentin explained he was gone home, his aunt was ill; and then she showed a letter, addressed, in a commercial hand, to "Mr. Hugh Gourlay, Chateau de Latouche, Joyeux, Calvados."

"But why do you not send it to the Chateau?" said H.; "it is not for us." Madame Valentin thought this a good suggestion; she had forgotten for the moment that they had English relations at the Chateau, Mademoiselle Blanche's mamma was an English Protestant; Mademoiselle was a good Catholic, notwithstanding. She was to make her profession next month. "Next month?" asked H.

Certainly, it was true, said Madame Valentin. There were those who, with Madame, think it a pity, but she was not one of them. Mademoiselle de Latouche the elder was a saintly woman, and would never force her niece's inclinations. . . . H. had heard a different version.

The crimes that people commit are not all done in a minute; they seem to come into existence, little by little—one by one—small selfish considerations, jars, vanities, indolences, they do not even come to a climax always. It is not a consoling reflection that the sum of the evil done by a respectable and easy-going life may be greater in the end perhaps than that of many a disastrous career. Notwithstanding Madame Valentin's opinion, it seemed to me that old Mademoiselle de Latouche put all her vanities, her selfishness, love of domination, into her religion. No wonder it was fervent. She kept herself from the world because she was lazy, and loved her own comfort better than anything else. She let the widows and orphans come and see her, or wait at her door till it was convenient to her to admit them; it rather amused her to dole out her small benevolences, and

to hear their unreserved thanks. She certainly denied herself to, but not for, others.

She had made up her mind that Blanche was to edify the religious world of Joyeux and St. Rambert. The sturdy Chatelaine did not feel that her health was equal to the rigid rule of a conventual life; but Blanche was younger and of a less nervous temperament.

When any one spoke of a different fate for the little thing, Mademoiselle replied placidly that Blanche herself had decided upon entering the cloister, and that it was a subject she did not care to discuss. It was her hour for repose or meditation, and she must beg leave to retire.

There were few people more difficult of access than Mademoiselle de Latouche, who, between her excessive pieties and vanities and long hours of slumber and refreshment, found life well filled, and scarcely sufficing to its enjoyments; above all, to its necessary repose. Woe betide the household if Mademoiselle was awakened suddenly! It is possible that there may have been a little sameness in Mademoiselle's life which was so entirely devoted to one person, and that person so disagreeable a one, as H. once said. But I think H. scarcely did the Chatelaine justice. Many people had thought her charming in her youth. She had a curious power of influencing people, of impressing her own opinions upon them, and leading them her own way. So few people have a will, that it does not require any great amount to make a great effect. She was handsome still. Little Blanche thought her perfectly beautiful. She could talk agreeably when she liked, be generous on occasions; M. le Curé de St. Rambert seemed as if he had scarcely words to utter the benediction which flowed from his heart as he left her room the day we did ourselves the honour of calling upon the Chatelaine. . . . "You will not receive him, most dear, most generous friend," I heard the Curé saying as we came into the room. "You must control your too generous impulses; promise me that you will not receive him." He was a tall, lean man, standing in an attitude, over the old lady, who accepted his homage very placidly; but he rather overdid his warnings.

"It must depend upon my state of health," murmured Mademoiselle de Latouche. "I suffer greatly; do I not, Mathilde?"

"A martyrdom," murmured the Curé.

"Yes; Mademoiselle has great cour-

age," said Mathilde. (She was the companion; a little, lean, delicate woman, a great contrast to Mademoiselle, who was stout and flushed, with curly red hair, scarcely streaked with grey.) "She is scarcely strong enough to receive a visitor. Perhaps these ladies may know the name—M. Gourlay—out of the Yorkshire."

H., who always remembers names, said she had once known a Mr. Gourlay, a manufacturer: "an elderly respectable man," said H.

M. le Curé de St. Rambert all this time was standing in the window, blankly benevolent, with his hands meekly slipped into his sleeves. Little Mathilde had subsided into a chair near the door of an inner room. What a comfortable interior it was, rich and warm, with the prosperous lady tucked up in her satin dressing-gown by the fire, with clocks of every century ticking and pointing to the hour! . . . "This is Mademoiselle's hour for receiving, they seemed to say—three o'clock, three o'clock." They seemed to be as obsequious as the rest of the household. Mademoiselle went on to explain—

"This gentleman, not knowing of my poor brother's death, has written to him on the subject of a machine, that I confess we had put away without much idea of future use. I have invited him to come over and examine it for himself. He makes me an offer for it which I consider sufficient, for my dear brother had initiated me into his affairs. A large offer. So much the better for your poor, M. le Curé," she said, archly, speaking in the sing-song voice which is so much used by the extra good in common conversation. (At one time of my life I was inclined to respect this tacit profession of superiority, but I now doubt whether anything which is not in itself superiority is of much use, either to the impressor or to the impressed.)

"My poor will pray for you day and night," said the Curé. "Chère Mademoiselle, I have not yet seen our dear child!"

"She is in the next room, M. le Curé; Mathilde will call her, if you wish to see her. You will find her very happy, very firm in her determination. It is very beautiful," she said, turning to us; "I have two sisters in convents, and this dear child, orphan daughter of my brother, is now about to profess. She has come home to bid us farewell—a sweet farewell for her—but for me the sacrifice is terrible—is it not, Mathilde?"

"Oh, yes, Mademoiselle! I tell her it is too much;" said Mathilde, nervously; and, appealing to the Curé: "Monsieur, persuade them to defer this beautiful sacrifice. Mademoiselle needs the society of her niece. She often tells me that it is a new life to her."

The Curé, I thought, looked slightly puzzled; he was about to speak, when the door from the inner room opened, and the "Blanche" of whom they had been speaking came in. She was dressed in a white dress of some loose and soft material; she wore a big white apron, and her long sleeves fell over her hand, so that nothing showed but five little pink finger-tips. She came gently into the room, looked round, and then, seeing the Curé, deliberately turned away again, passed back into the room from which she had just come, and softly closed the door. It was all so gentle, so sudden, that we none of us knew what to say, until the Curé suggested "timidité" after her long seclusion. Mademoiselle laughed, showing a row of white dazzling teeth. H. flushed up, and said it was time to go.

"I hope," she said, as she took leave, "that you may be able to make up your mind to keep your niece with you. I quite understand your feelings; a child with the gift of life and with years of happiness and usefulness before her—it is a fearful responsibility that you take when you put her away from it all." H. stood looking into the old lady's face, with kind, constraining eyes.

"Oh, yes, indeed, madame!" said Mademoiselle, solemnly—and indeed she spoke with some emotion. "But who would dare to go against a true vocation? Blanche is not the first in our family to give herself up to this holy service of love; and I, who am the last of the Latouches, must not shrink from my share of the sacrifice."

H. could not trust herself to speak; she was almost crying, and quite overcome, and I was glad to get her away. There were all sorts of stories about the family at the Chateau. Madame Valentin, our landlady, worshipped "the grande Mademoiselle," as some of the people in the place used to call her. She was one of the privileged admitted to her presence. The castle was left jointly to Mademoiselle and to Blanche—so she told us. "At Mademoiselle's death everything would go to Blanche. Some people thought it strange that the father should have made such a will; but he



knew with what a saint he had to deal," said Madame Valentin. "Look at this dress. It was hers, and she gave it to me."

"A saint! Why does she not go into a convent herself?" said H., still trembling. "That poor child is to be robbed of her life — of God's life — which is her right; she is told that it will please Him that she should spend her strength and youth in valueless dreams and prayers and repetitions. It makes my heart ache to think of it. . . . I have had sorrows enough, but oh! would I give up one of them, one parting, one pang of love, to have loved less —"

My dearest H.! I comforted her as well as I could, and then Frank came in, and we told him of our interview. "I shall go up and call when this Gourlay is there," said the sociable Major; "perhaps we may find out some way of rescuing your nun, mother. You shall give me an introduction to him. I have always heard he was a very respectable man."

### III.

WHAT is a respectable man? Joseph Gourlay, of Gill Mills and Gilwick Manor, was a respectable man, very much looked up to in his own neighbourhood, of which indeed many acres belonged to him. Acres enclosing the handsome stone-fronted house in which he lived, in which his wife had died, in which his three sons had been born. All his life and his fortune seemed to be enclosed in the Yorkshire valley which you might see from the dining-room window, flooded with green, while sudden smoke-volleys burst from the tall chimneys of the mill. The valley is crossed again and again by the stream that comes dashing from its source in the distant hills, straight to the mills at the foot of the great crag. Wick Gill sparkles with the fortunes of the Gourlays, dashing over rocks and ridges a limpid and rainbow-tinted torrent, well fit, as Mr. Gourlay had foreseen long ago, to turn the creaking cogs of his water-wheels, to boil up his steam-engines, to wash and purify his cotton in many waters, while the threads of his fortune spun on their thousand bobbins, glistening as they whirled, drawing wealth with every turn of the quivering line. Hugh, the youngest son, as he sat in the little counting-house, could hear the family fortunes beating time over head as they passed from the mountain gill and the raw cotton heaps to the Gilwick wharfs and bank in

family credit, and in the close packed bales of which his two brothers were so proud. Bathurst and Ben were soon to be admitted partners in the business. Hugh's turn was yet to come, but meanwhile he had perhaps found for himself another more absorbing interest undreamt of by Joseph and his elder sons. It was not one that Hugh could share with any one. The habit of the house, the steady reserve, the north country mistrust of fine speaking and flimsy sentiment, had influenced the younger brother as well as his elders.

More than once old Gourlay had found Hugh leaning back, absorbed and forgetful, with a pile of unanswered letters on the desk beside him. The old man would tap him on the shoulder, point significantly at the heap, frown and stump off to his own well-worn desk in the inner room. What was there breeding in Hugh's mind? Often of late he had seemed scarcely himself, and answered vaguely. Was he getting impatient? Was he like other young men? did he want to grasp more power in his hands? Old Gourlay had a morbid horror of giving up one shred of his hard-earned rule. He would suspect others of doing that which he himself would have done unto them. He was both true and unjust in many of his dealings. He remembered his own early impatience of all authority. He had laboured hard to earn his own living and his children's. Now, he thought uneasily, the day was come when they were children no longer, but young men nearly as capable as he had been at their age. Sometimes old Gourlay would throw out gloomy hints of giving up work altogether, and look sharply into the young men's faces to catch their expression. Ben never had any expression at all in his round pink cheeks: Bathurst, who knew his father, and was not afraid of him, would burst out laughing: "Yes, father, that would just suit you," he would say. "You might walk about with your hands in your pockets all day long; or you might take to croquet. Ben would give you some lessons." Hugh sometimes flushed up, and a curious questioning look would come into his eyes, when his father talked of a change. It was this look his father could not understand. "Well, Hugh," he would cry impatiently, "can't ye speak?" But Hugh would walk on in stolid silence; he was not so much at ease with his father as Bathurst, and he shut himself more and more away from him. Ben, who had nothing to shut

up, might keep the talk going if he chose. Poor Hugh had reached one of the flat stages of existence. Life is scarcely to be compared to the inclined plane that people describe it, but to something in the shape of a pyramid, with intervals of steps between each effort. Hugh had made a great effort of late. He was not without the family good sense and determination, and he could see as plainly as his father or his brothers the advantage of a definite career and occupation. What he had within him might as well be expressed in the intervals of business as of leisure, but at the same time this strange feeling was swelling within him. An impatience and distaste for all he had been used to, a longing for fresh air, for expression, for better things than money-making. It is in vain some people lead monotonous lives. Events without form or sound, mental catastrophes, great sweeps of feeling and opinion, who is to guard against these silent, irresistible powers? He had tried to make friends with the mill hands, but he had tried wrongly, perhaps; anyhow, some discontent was set to his interference, and Mr. Gourlay had angrily forbidden anything of the sort in future.

There had been some words at the time. Hugh had walked over Gill Crag, feeling as if he could bear this slavery no longer. He envied the very birds their freedom as they flew across the path. He forgot that to be condemned to freedom from all care, restraint, internal effort, is, perhaps, the greatest bondage of all. But as yet I have said it was not for nothing that Hugh Gourlay had been born a Yorkshireman; he was sensible and clear-headed for all his impressionable poet's nature. He had begun a book which he finished in after years, and published at his own expense; a sort of story embodying a system of practical philosophy.

Mr. Gourlay might have been relieved if he could have read his younger son's mind as clearly as the debit and credit figures in the books in his counting-house. It was not his father's power that Hugh envied and would have grasped. It was something very far distant from old Gourlay's horizon, a voice coming he traced not whence that haunted as an evil spirit, "You are wasting your life, it is wasting, wasting, wasting." The turning wheels had seemed to say so, the torrent had seemed to say so, every event of the day and every dream of the night had only seemed to repeat it.

Minor poets, people born with a certain fervour and sensibility which does not amount to genius, are often haunted by this vague want. They require the domination of the unforeseen, the touch of greater minds to raise them from themselves. They have the gift of imposing their own personality upon the things around them, upon the inanimate sights they see, upon the people they live with; and then they weary of it—common life only repeats their own mood to them, instead of carrying them away from themselves. Great poets are different; they are like Nature herself—supreme, indifferent. Their moods may be storms or mighty calms, or the broad stream of daylight falling upon common things, but they are masters all the while, not servants; and yet even servants faithfully working need not be ashamed, either of their work or of the impulse which urges them on and tells them they are unprofitable at best.

After church on Sundays (Mr. Gourlay was very particular about attendance in the church) it was the family habit to walk straight to the back yard and let the dogs out of their kennels, and to march round and round the grounds until the dinner bell rang. Family discussions often take place on Sundays. This family usually walked in silence with the dogs yelping and leaping at its heels. The garden was very green and very black, as these north-country places are. Tall chimneys showed above the golden birch-trees; iron hurdles fenced off the green clipped lawn; the beds were bordered with some patent zinc ornament; geraniums were blooming in leaden pots. In one place there was an iron fountain with a statue, in another a tin pavilion. A grass-cutting machine stood in one corner of the lawn, with a hose for watering the plants; doubled-locked greenhouses were built along the western walls, with alternate domes and weathercocks for ornament. There was a croquet lawn planned by Ben, who was the sociable member of the party; and beyond the garden and the mill and the sheds lay the valley, wide and romantic as Yorkshire valleys are, with rocks enclosing, with rising turf crags, leading to widening moors, and the sound of water and the cry of birds coming clear in the Sunday silence. Ben was whistling as he walked along. Hugh was trying to get up his courage to make a certain request he had at heart. Bathurst was leaping the iron fence, followed by two of the dogs.

"Hi, Ju! well leaped," cried Mr. Gourlay, who was always very fond of his dogs. "First the mill, then the dogs. I don't know where we come in," Bathurst used to say to his brothers. Mr. Gourlay was not so absorbed in Ju's performance as to forget his sons entirely. He looked round uneasily—

"Where is Hugh? Look up, Hugh. What is the matter with him, Ben? he seems always moping."

Hugh had stopped short, and was looking at the gravel path in a dreamy, dazed sort of fashion. Hearing himself called, he looked up. "Father," he said suddenly, "I—I have been wishing to speak to you for some time; I may as well speak now. I want a change. I—Will you let me go to college for a couple of years? You said yesterday that you would make me an allowance. Will you give me two years at college?"

There was a dead silence. Ben, as usual, began to whistle; Bathurst came back with a leap over the hurdle. Then the old man spoke—"No, that I will not do," said Mr. Gourlay, growing very red and looking Hugh full in the face, and striking one of the iron fences sharply with his stick. "College! what has put such d—stuff into your head, Hugh? Who wants college here? I am a plain man of business. Have I been to college? But I have made my own fortune and yours by my own brains; d'ye think they will teach you brains at those places? What the devil is it ye want? Is it to fine-gentleman-it over your brothers and father?" Old Mr. Gourlay was working himself up as he went on more and more vehemently. "Two years—just when you are beginning to understand the business. Is this your gratitude for all that's been done for you? Look at me, sir; you know as well as I do what I am worth; if I choose to give up work this day, I could leave off and not change one shilling's worth in our way of living. Here I am, an honest man and respected in all the place: have I gone off with quirks and fancies in my head? No; I have stuck to my work like a man, and paid my way, and given in charity too upwards—"

Here Bathurst, who was devoted to his younger brother, tried to stem the storm. "Father, he hasn't your head for business, not even mine, but he has something I have not got. He can see what is amiss, and bring a new light to it, while I am only trying to set things straight with the help of the old one.

Hugh saved us 1,500*l.* last year by that alteration in the spinning mules. There is that Frenchman's patent he was speaking of last night, for spinning the finest yarns; it would be the very thing now we are getting in the new machinery."

"Hollo! Bat," said Mr. Gourlay, recovering his temper and wheeling round suddenly; "it was not college learning put that into your head. Come now, let us make terms. Hugh wants a change, does he? let him go over and travel for a bit, and see about the Frenchman's patent; I remember it. I'll write him a line. He left me his address, and Hugh shall go and see it. We will put by our savings to pay for it, hey? against the time he brings me home a daughter-in-law to help to spend the profits. Will that satisfy ye, Hugh?" And so it came about that Hugh Gourlay started one summer's day for Normandy with full instructions as to the address of the ingenious Frenchman, who was to add to their fortunes. His father had given him one other commission. He was to bring home a French poodle. Mr. Gourlay had long wished for one.

#### IV.

HUGH tried some short cut from the great seaport where he landed to Joyeux, the little fishing village to which he was going, and the short cut turned into a long belated journey, leading him by closing shadows and rough country ways, by high cliffs, into a windy darkness, through which he travelled on hour after hour, listening, as he jolted on in the little country cart, to the sudden bursts of a wild storm chorus, shrieking above the angry moan of the not distant sea. The sea note changed sometimes with the wind that blew the pipes of this giant music; but the rain dropped monotonously all the while, and the jolts and creaks of the wheels turning upon stones, and the muttering of the driver, did not vary very much. The driver was drenched, notwithstanding his striped woollen blanket; he was an old man, and seemed to have accumulated many oaths in the course of a long life. The horses were patient, struggling and stumbling. Hugh had pulled his wideawake well over his eyes, and sat contentedly enough watching the solitary storm overhead, listening to the thunder of breakers, and the onslaught of wind and water. It all seemed to take him out of himself, and he felt as if he could breathe again for the first time for many days.

"If I had known, I should not have come out with my horses on such a night," said the driver. "Poor people have to go thro' all sorts of cruelties to please the rich. Heu! Eu! Who knows?" he went on grumbling; "if the truth were told, we many of us have got as much credit at the bank as those who call themselves masters. There is Madame Baton—devil take me, I wish the horses were in her stable now—she has 10,000 francs of income, and more than that. Heu! Eu! . . . He does not understand one word—imbecile Englishman." . . . Poor old Pierre might be forgiven a little ill-humour under the circumstances. His was not a morbid nature. For him the storm only brought rheumatism. He did not aspire to anything beyond a good feed of corn for the horses, a glass of hot wine and a pipe for himself, and a supper off garlick-stew that Madame Baton was famous for concocting. For him the inner voice only said, Eat, smoke, drink, Peter Bonvin, and to-morrow when you die M. le Curé will see to the candles for the altar of the Virgin, and get you into Paradise, by his knowledge of prayers and the saints. Pierre was not without hope that there might be as good wine in Paradise as at Madame Baton's. Why not?

"Chateau Latouche," says Pierre, as they shook and clattered under a dripping beech avenue that led to the village. "It is the house opposite the church," and as he spoke in the darkness they seemed to pass between sudden walls and the swaying of trees at night. Was that booming the sea or the wind among the church bells? Chill mistful night-spirits seemed about, a stir, a scent of leaves and clematis—old Pierre began to swear once more by many R's and S's, he could not find his way one bit, and the wind was rising—again the church clock struck ten, and everything seemed asleep. The children were asleep in the little room out of mine, and a night-light burned dimly in the window. I could just see the two little yellow heads lying on the pillow, and the great black crucifix hanging to the wall. Everything was silent in the great overgrown garden except for the sudden gusts of wind and rain. A mouse ran across the room as I sat reading, the lamp spluttered, and suddenly the surly bell in the courtyard began to ring. It startled us all. Frank was away. Albinia had gone to bed early. H., who was sitting talking to her by her bedside, came running into

mine, and found me on my way downstairs. "Can it be the Major?" she said; "is he come back?"

I said I would see, and as I got into the yard the bell rang again, and a sudden fury of wind put out my lamp.

Old Pierre's voice sounded from without, growling and grumbling, and then a younger and pleasanter sound came on the wind.

"Is this the Chateau Latouche; are we expected?"

Poor things! I was sorry to send them on their way through the storm for another half-mile along the road; but what could I do? It was impossible to take in old Pierre, to say nothing of the horses and the strangers.

Now-a-days suppers scarcely exist except at the play in Alfred de Musset's poems. Mademoiselle de Latouche had supped in her youth, and still more in her old age did she persistently cling to the good old custom. She was never hungry at dinner-time, she said, and the evenings seemed long at the Castle, and Mathilde liked supping cosily by the fire in the little dining-room. Sometimes M. le Curé de Joyeux would join the ladies on these occasions; sometimes M. le Curé de St. Dives (St. Dives was another little fishing village on the coast, of which the road ran past the gates of the pretty old Castle). How pretty it looked when the grove of chestnut trees rustled, and the moon dropped behind the pointed roofs and the towerets, with their Normandy caps; and the lights were shining from one window and another—from Mademoiselle's dressing-room, from the great hall and the little saloon, in Léonie's tower over the door-way, in Mathilde's modest garret!

He was looking for the entrance when a sudden flash of lightning illuminated the whole front of the old house—out of blackness shone a fairy palace. The window-panes, the gilt gateway, the very nails on the front door, wet with rain, shone like jewels and enamel; the roses and creepers clustering from the balcony overhead bloomed into sudden life. Each tiny star and flower was fragrant and dropping a diamond drop. Hugh's hand was wet with flowery dew as he let go the iron bell. The flash was gone, and everything was dark again.

He did not, however, have long to wait. The doors were opened by some string or pulley from within, and old Pierre made a sign implying that he was to enter. The Castle was a curious mixture

of various tastes and fancies that had crossed the minds of its different inhabitants. The hall was large and empty; a Louis Quinze interior, with old-fashioned chairs and shining boards; a great fire burnt at one end, in a tall chimney-piece; a great clock ticked upon a bracket of which the hands pointed to ten; the family arms were fixed at intervals along the walls. These consisted of hands with "Tenir," the motto of the Latouches, and each held a light. Hugh was rather bewildered by this sudden blaze, and if old Pierre had not given him a push from behind, might have hesitated to cross the threshold. There was not only light to dazzle, but a confusing sound of music coming from some inner room, and a very sweet and melancholy voice singing to the accompaniment of a piano, singing to rocking measure: it went running on in his head for many days after:—

Mais de vous en souvenir  
Prendrez vous la peine,  
Mais de vous en souvenir  
Et d'y revenir —

A minor chord, and a melodious little flourish.

A Saint Blaize à la Zuecca  
Dans les prés fleuris cueillir la verveine.

A door opened, the voice ceased singing, an old man-servant came out with a white respectful head, followed by a little woman in a grey dress, carrying a lamp. She seemed to pat or drift across the floor, so lightly made and pale and slim was she. Was it possible that this could have been the songstress? She spoke in a little flute-like voice that was scarcely above a whisper. Old Peter undertook to be master of the ceremonies.

"He does not understand one word of French," he said, pointing to Hugh. "Madame expects him. It is all right. I am going to put the horses in the stable."

The little grey lady evidently expected her guest. She bowed, whispered a few words to the man-servant, and gave him the lamp, and the old man beckoned to the young traveller and led the way across the black and white marble pavement of the hall to a side door opening into a great drawing-room, brilliantly lighted, decorated with panelling, hung with white and brown damask. Everywhere stood lovely old china, and ticking clocks (Madame de Latouche had a fancy for clocks), but there was no one to wind

them up; their hands pointed to every possible hour and in every direction. The place seemed enchanted to Hugh after his long dark journey, dazzling and unexpected. The piano was open, but the musician was gone; a pair of gloves lay upon the floor by a little table, upon which stood, along with some slight reflection of finger-biscuits, a scarcely touched glass of wine. Hugh, who was hungry after his long expedition, cast a glance at this little table; but his guide beckoned him on, and presently led him through a small boudoir into a bedroom on the ground floor, opening into a comfortable set of rooms, in one of which his luggage was displayed, and from whence the grey lady suddenly issued, bowing in her list slippers. She had been to see that all was in order—the last match in the matchbox; the pink soap and water in the cruet-like washstand; the eider-down floating on the natty little chintz bed.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more unlike the steady four-post respectability of Hugh Gourlay's own home than this little chintzified nest which had been prepared for him, with a small sofa to recline upon, a blue glass inkstand, a little cup of holy water over the bed, the glazed and painted portraits of one or two amiable-looking young saints, the sugar and water apparatus on the smart walnut drawers, and a neat little square mat for his feet. Hugh imagined his brothers' expression at seeing him thus installed, but no Bathurst was there with sarcastic jeers, nor Ben with ill-suppressed fits of laughter.

"I hope you will find all you want," murmured the lady. "The supper will be ready immediately, if you will take the trouble to come down."

As she spoke, a girl in a Normandy cap came in with a jug of hot water; the old servant rolled up a comfortable armchair; a second man, who had come in, rapidly unpacked Hugh's portmanteau.

"Has Monsieur got everything?" asked the girl in a loud shrill voice. The lady put her fingers to her lips: "Hush, Madame sleeps!" she said.

Hugh could understand just so much. The servants now seemed to creep about with redoubled care. The house was perfectly still, with a faint aromatic perfume that Hugh associated with it ever after, but not without confusion.

Hugh was not many minutes dressing and drying his wet hair and hands, and he was only just ready when some one



came tapping at the door, and a hungry man with a less knowledge of the language might have understood the meaning of the word *souper*, which some one uttered in the same whisper as the others.

Hugh's agreeable speculations as to his company were disappointed. Nobody supped except himself. There were two places laid, but the little grey woman came in and motioned to the young man to begin, and Hugh sat down to a solitary meal. The grey woman was in and out of the room attending to his wants with the greatest kindness and assiduity, but whenever he had attempted to speak, she smilingly placed a finger on her lips and pointed to the adjoining room. What she meant he could not conceive; but meanwhile he went on with his meal, and did ample justice to the excellent food that was set before him in white *soupières*, *marinères*, and fruit-dishes and hot plates, all of foreign and unusual shape. An omelette came in leaping in the dish; there was even a slice of melon, and some champagne in a long-necked bottle. Hugh finished off one dish after another, not a little surprised and amused by his adventure, and looking often to the door in hopes of seeing it open. When he had quite done, the little housekeeper came creeping in once more in her list slippers, carrying a little tray with coffee and with liqueurs. Then she crossed and softly opened the door into the adjoining room, and the mystery was explained. Hugh saw a large and well-furnished drawing-room. A lamp burnt dimly in one corner, casting its circling green light all round about. The rays fell upon polished floors and furniture of ancient date. There were bookcases and cabinets, brass locks and shadows; an old looking-glass repeating the scene; an ancient bureau, open and heaped with paper, against the wall. The windows were still closed and safely barred against the storm. On one side of the table stood a great arm-chair, and in the chair reclined a sleeping figure. The housekeeper crept with a noiseless tread across the room; behind the nodding head she gently placed a pillow, and then returned as swiftly as she had entered. But Hugh had time to see his hostess. The light fell full upon Mademoiselle de Latouche's profile. Even in her sleep she seemed to hold her own and to reign from her slumbers.

When Hugh turned round he found that he was no longer alone. A young lady, dressed in white, had come in by another door — a beautiful person — who

advanced part of the way towards him with an undulating movement, and then stopped short, looking back towards the door. Hugh thought at first that she was going to run away.

"Are you there, Mathilde?" she said; and then the little grey woman stepped forward from behind and said something in French, and once more the lady turned towards her guest.

"My aunt has taken her sleeping draught," said the lady, in a natural voice. "We need not be afraid of awakening her." Then, turning to Hugh, "You must be fatigued after voyaging all day," she said; "you must repose and refresh yourself. Will you not sit?"

Hugh had started respectfully to his feet. Could this be the real lady of the house after all? Was this beautiful young creature Madame de Latouche? She was a very young lady, although her costume was scarcely suitable to a girl, for the dress was of some sort of white stuff, trimmed with swan-down; her beautiful little head was set softly into a thick lace ruffle; she had an innocent round face with two wondering and tender eyes. Her soft brown hair was smoothly parted in a Madonna line. She came forward very gently, hesitating, with soft footsteps and burning cheeks. When she spoke to Hugh her voice seemed to vibrate with a peculiar tone; but then, she was speaking English, and carefully considering her words; when she turned to Mathilde and to French again, the plaintive voice struck into another key.

She did the honours very prettily, with a gentle hesitation and swift precision. Coffee was now served. There was not much talk, but a clink of cups and silver spoons, and somehow, when all was over, Hugh seemed to have made his hostess's acquaintance. He had been rather afraid of her at first, and had scarcely known what to say; but she once asked him to give her some milk, and then suddenly looked up with eyes that innocently asked for confidence; and he began to feel as if he knew her somehow upon the strength of that one enquiring glance. The hands of the clock were now pointing to eleven, and the old man began to clear away the belated little meal.

"Good-night," said the lady, in her pretty English. "I hope my aunt will be well enough to receive you in the morning; I am sorry that I shall have to leave home for the day."



"Oh, Mademoiselle!" remonstrated the companion.

The young lady gave her a little pat on the cheek. "Will you be quiet, Mathilde?" she said.

Hugh held out his hand, English fashion. She half put hers out—then pulled it back again; and, as she did so, he saw that a gold bracelet was fastened to her arm, to which hung a tiny gold locket with a picture.

The lady had told Hugh her name before they parted; she was *Blanche de Latouche*, she said; her aunt was the real lady of the house. Hugh went to bed dreaming of his hostess.

#### V.

THE courtyard opened upon the high road, the high road led to the village, where everybody was up, and awake and excited. For hours past the church bells had been jangling, and a gun had been going off at intervals. It woke up Hugh Gourlay at the same minute as *M. le Maire*, and old *Mademoiselle de Latouche* in her warm bed. In the Presbytery the children were jumping about in great excitement. It was pretty to see the little cluster in the courtyard—the babies in front, the little elder girls, in their broad hats, peeping at *M. le Curé* and his assistant, as they passed and re-passed through the gateway. H., who never can resist the children's voices, was also there, with a lace veil over her head. *Madame Valentin* was discoursing to the tobacconist out of her bedroom window as usual. He had stepped into the court in his wooden shoes to borrow an umbrella. "Ah! you will all want umbrellas," says *Madame Valentin* sagely. "My son started an hour ago. He is not in the procession; he goes to receive the Archbishop with the other gentlemen."

All this time a procession had been forming, rain and mud notwithstanding—talkative, excited. French people certainly have a special art for holding umbrellas, tidily defying the elements; their starch keeps stiff, their garments are dry, their spirits undamped, at times when an English temper would be drenched. Perhaps in the long run the English temper might best withstand the onslaught of adverse circumstances; but certainly for brief adversities we have little patience. The procession started at last, to the peal of bells, to the barking of dogs—windows opened, the church porch was crowded, people joining in from every doorway, late recruits following as fast

as they could go. The women wore clean white skirts and starched white caps with satin ribbons; the men were dressed in their usual Sunday best—flagbearers had the additional glory of a green rosette. *Monsieur le Curé* and *Monsieur le Vicair* were both there, encouraging and marshalling their troops. They had their breviaries under their arms, they wore their beautiful muslin stoles, their octagonal caps. The choristers were also in full dress, and the church beadle, in his long flapping gown, came away from the bell which he had been ringing uninterruptedly since four o'clock in the morning.

A few cap-strings joined still hot from the ironing-board where *Madame Wachtel* had been standing uninterruptedly labouring for twenty-four hours. Poor woman, she now sank down exhausted. She had counted upon going herself; there was her own jupe all ready, but she was too tired to move—tired! she was broken, there was no other word. Ah! there goes *Mademoiselle de Latouche*; is it possible that she walks on foot when she might drive in her aunt's carriage?

Hugh, who had dressed and come out to see what was going on, now appeared in the market-place. He had seen *Blanche* pass his window, which was just about four feet from the ground, and on a level with people's heads. *Mathilde*, of the night before, was following with a water-proof, and expostulating as she went. "You will catch cold," he heard her say; "your aunt—the carriage——" and then *Blanche's* sweet shrill "Do you suppose that in the convent?" . . . and so they passed on.

The whole thing seemed to Hugh like some sort of fantastic continuation of his dreams. Still more so when he found himself, an hour later, steadily plodding in the wake of the retreating procession that was rapidly disappearing beyond the horizon of the sloping field. He had remained a little behind, talking to H., with whom he had stiffly claimed acquaintance as she stood in the gateway, on the strength of the night before; and, as usually happened in such cases, in return for his stiff excuse, she had charmed him by her kind manner and sweetness of greeting. That pale and tremulous H. has a gentle genius quite her own. It is not only sympathy, not only kind-heartedness, it is a peculiar instinct (springing in truth from a kind heart and a quick and a delicate intellect), which teaches her to understand the silent language of

the people she meets, as we'll as their spoken words. Some persons can play the piano; others, with a look, can tune a far nobler instrument. I often envy H. her gift, dearly as she pays for it. We can most of us sympathize, but to understand is a subtler quality. Unselfish sympathy, that forgets itself and does not obtrude, is the sweetest and rarest of all. Sometimes as she comes in, in her black dress and mourning garb, I look into H.'s pale face, with its sweet pensive lines; old and worn as it is, it seems to me fairer than many a young and brilliant beauty; its sudden smile is more tender and radiant. Some bright tempers are a little oblivious, carried away by their own excitement; H. is not so; she is hopeful and quietly pleased, because her heart is humble and full of love, and by her example she teaches us to practise this happiness of gentleness and faith, and to believe in it, even though it may not always be for us.

Hugh promised to come and see us again, and then walked off across the field in pursuit of the procession, that was now rapidly disappearing beyond the horizon. In order to save time he had tried another of his short cuts, and wandered into the boggy centre of a turnip-field, and was glad to scramble out of it into the pathway again. The land was monotonous enough, plains on every side, here and there a village crowding, white against the sky overhead mountains and valleys were tossing, and a storm was still impending, although the sun had come out bright for the present, and as it gleamed from the mountainous clouds above to the flat plains below, Hugh could see the little village, and the spire of the castle a couple of miles away.

Sometimes some tune comes haunting one, one knows not why, and to-day a wild Hungarian dance music, that Hugh had once heard by chance, seemed to him to be ringing in his mind, and echoing from across the plains, and from the distant line of breakers. Then some soft burst of wind would catch it up and carry it into the drifting clouds, and then a light would seem to break out suddenly and repeat the tune in another key. People have odd waking dreams at times. All this grey light and swiftness overhead, all this desolation under foot, over which the slippery lights were flickering; the sea-birds flying upon the wind; the excitement and strangeness of the scene, seemed best expressed by this tune that was haunting him, and which he associated

ever after with that morning's chase. He caught the procession up at last, and as he did so the tune died away. One or two stragglers had already fallen out of the ranks. There was Madeleine Mathieu, the baker's daughter, carefully holding her white petticoats out of the mud, and naturally too much engrossed by this occupation to think of much else. Hugh soon descried Mademoiselle de Latouche struggling with the flapping tongue of the village flag, to which a piece of ribbon had been tied, and which it was her duty to hold. She was dressed in white, as were the others; she wore a little white bonnet tied under her chin.

"I fear you are tired, my child," said M. le Curé, coming up. He was walking along the ranks and encouraging his starved flock. "Madeleine, if you come here, Mademoiselle will be able to rest."

They had come out from the fields by this time into the highway, which was growing more and more crowded every minute. Mademoiselle de Latouche recognized Hugh as she passed him, and nodded kindly; but she seemed tired, and there was no spirit in her greeting. The sight itself was amusing enough—a quaint scene of genuine country life. Here was a group of peasant-women, proudly striding along side of the soutane, the glory of the family. The brother, the Priest, walked with his thick shoes and flapping skirts, the proud old mother by his side in her old-fashioned Normandy cap and kerchief: the modernized sisters in cheap white satin quillings. Then some little children and some nuns went hurrying by to one of the convents in the town; a little farther, some recruits, who had been very tipsy the day before, were still parading in their ribbons; and with it all came an eager cheerful hum and chatter of voices, to which every moment brought additional notes; through every gate of the little town to which the procession was bound, the people were pouring.

The choir of Joyeux rang shrill and loud, the rain had ceased, the hedgerows and willow-trees were fresh in the narrow field ways, the feet of the many pilgrims had worn a streaming track as they passed, plodding peacefully through the nineteenth century to worship at the shrine of three hundred years before. There goes *Femme Roulet*, the farmer's wife, in her great-grandmother's earrings; there goes a priest from the seminary, who was born twenty years ago, perhaps, but who is living with St. Ben-

edict and others, the life of their day. The way is long, the path is wet and slippery. Poor little Blanche had stumbled many a time before she finished her long three miles; she was unused to such fatigue, and could scarcely drag her tired feet along; the crowd bewildered her; she clung to her ribbon, and tried to think of the hymn that the country girls were singing as they marched along. This was what she had hoped, to find herself one of a goodly company pressing onward to the true burning shrine of religion; but she was tired; her spirits flagged; her attention wandered from the words of the psalm; she found herself mechanically counting the jerks of the flagstaff as it crossed and recrossed the priest's little black velvet cap. Suddenly, as she clung in her dismay to the green ribbon of the flag, the great prop and mainmast itself seemed to give way — there was a shriek. Something had struck her shoulder. . . .

Barriers had been put up round about the chapel, but just outside the barriers Hugh thought things looked a little uncomfortable. It was all good-natured enough, and the people were only pushing in fun; but with so many girls and children in the crowd, it was certainly dangerous fun. There was a sudden cry that the bishop's carriage was at hand, a sudden heave, and somehow, before any one knew why, a wave passed through the crowd, some women screamed, a little pale and fainting figure almost fell into Hugh's arms. Madeleine, the banner-bearer, slipped and fell: Louise the washerwoman sprawled over her. There might have been a serious accident if M. le Curé, who was a strong man, and Hugh, who was active and ready, had not sprung forward together and made a sort of rampart against the surging crowd. Hugh would not have been greatly concerned for Madeleine, who was well able to bear any amount of pushing, or for Louise, who was loudly bewailing herself — but he still held up the almost senseless little lady of the castle; it had been his fate to rescue her; and he was relieved when the pressure subsided, and he found himself in a quiet corner of the great place outside the barrier.

Blanche revived in a minute, smoothed her hair out of her eyes, and sat on a step trembling a little and silent, and biting her lips. She did not even say "Thank you;" that wild sea of heads and struggling arms was still about her.

Then she heard Hugh asking if she felt better, and found that she was safe and once more able to breathe; and in one moment she was herself again, shaking out her crumpled lace and smoothing her dress.

"You will have to go home now," said Hugh, in a tone of some satisfaction. "What induced you to come to such a place, mademoiselle? It is all very well for those peasant women, but for you —" The innocent eyes looked up.

"For me? Why should I not do as they do?" said Blanche, turning pale again at the very thought. "Oh, how wet I am! Is it not disagreeable to be wetted? Is that a carriage? Perhaps. — Ah! here is Monsieur le Curé."

Monsieur le Curé emerged with Madeleine, who was all over mud, and anxious to return to a clothes-brush. Hugh had hoped to be allowed to escort his hostess back to the castle; but this was not according to French etiquette.

"I shall not thank you," said Blanche, as she took leave of Hugh. "You saved my life, but it was scarcely worth the trouble. Remember that my aunt dines at six."

A little carriage happened to be passing (it had been setting down some farmers from Vitry, a couple of miles off), and into the carriage Mademoiselle de Latouche and Madeleine were assisted, and they drove off together, mutually condoling, two white women under the green avenue. M. le Curé hurried after his flock; Hugh (who had had no breakfast), made his way into the town; all sorts of refreshments were being prepared for the use of the pilgrims. Such pious excursions should give good appetite.

Hugh felt somewhat remiss as he walked home to dinner that evening. He feared that he had neglected his duties as a guest; but in truth he had been so well amused, that he had forgotten all about the unseen lady, who might probably be expecting him.

A sort of Scriptural gleam was upon the sea, in the air, upon the little village lying on the sea-shore; a sort of Bethlehem-like star was peering from the eddying heights; two women were standing by a well not far from the castle garden talking together as they pulled the iron handle of the crank. They were still in their white dresses and white frilled caps. "It has been the day of Heaven," said one to the other. "We crossed the field singing in choir. Mademoiselle

Blanche led the hymn. What a pity that she was so frightened in the crowd! It was nothing coming back. M. le Curé found the dryest, nicest way. Look, I am not weary, and yet I have been on my feet since three o'clock this morning. Ah! our Curé is a good man. I would not exchange for him of St. Rambert, though he drove in the Bishop's carriage."

"Well, make haste," said the other in a low, satisfied voice. "Here is the storm again." And, as she spoke once more, the clouds seemed to gather swiftly from every quarter, from the sea, from the plains, heaping dark clouds. The summer storm burst over the village, where there was a great frying and clatter; all the bathers were enjoying their evening meal at open doors and windows; with kitchens in full play, with great talking and discussion. Some had brought their tables out into the street itself, for the heat was excessive, and the lodgings for the most part close and overcrowded. There was a general shriek and flight: children scampered; careful *ménagères* remained to clear the board; a great peal of thunder shook the air, and a swift whirlwind came eddying up with fierce dust and furious onslaught.

The storm did not last very long, and when it was over the sky cleared as suddenly as it had overclouded; the cloud-banks sank away, and the sunset, which had been tranquilly going on through all the clatter and excitement, came once more blazing gorgeously through the broken clouds and flooding the evening world. The drops of rain on the clematis that overhung the garden door reflected this splendid light; every stone was radiant. The very clapper sounded sweet and most musical in the clear and fragrant calm that followed the crash of angry clouds and storm. If the very wall was beautiful, the garden too was transfigured as Hugh walked in, admitted by Denise with her apron over her head.

"Here you are! What a storm!" says she; "were you caught in it? Mademoiselle has told us how you saved her. We have been frightened. Mademoiselle our mistress has had a nervous attack. That poor Casimir had to go out in all the rain for the doctor. Ah, we poor servants! we are the same as our masters. Thunder disagrees with me just as much as with our mistress. See how I tremble. And as for little Marie, the kitchenmaid, she is in the back cupboard. She won't come out."

Hugh might have shown more sym-

thy if he could have spoken more French; with some satisfaction he gathered, however, that he had not been missed. He nodded, and Denise took it for granted he agreed in all she said. The prince in the fairy tale is conducted from chamber to chamber through jewelled and incandescent halls; my prince was only led under the vine trellis. But what jewelled galleries could be more beautiful than these green and garlanded loggias, through which the burning evening garden was shining in clear, invigorating life? As he came from under the vines, he saw a common monthly rose-tree, from every thorn of which a rainbow seemed to break and flash as Denise swept by with her heavy cloth skirt. There was one rose of which the colours seemed to glow beyond light, deeper and dearer, and more splendid than any words. The flower burnt on, and Hugh stopped in admiration; Denise, however, pointed to the stable clock.

"Make haste," she said, "dinner will be ready;" and the young man understood that he was to lose no time. Denise hurried on quickly to her kitchen, past rose perfume and sweet verberna and geranium leaves. Mademoiselle, however, did not come down to dinner, and Blanche again did the honours.

#### VI.

MADemoiselle DE LATOUCHE was reported still indisposed next day. Only Mathilde and Blanche were there when Hugh, who had risen early, walked into the breakfast-room from the garden. He had been down to the village, bathed, reconnoitred the place.

Early as it was, all the bathers were already out on the sands; and a strange and motley crowd assembled. Roman figures standing draped, enjoying the horizon, reading the paper, and contemplating the sea before casting their long white togas aside and venturing into the water. Ladies in sandalled feet, closely garbed in woollen stuffs, banded and filleted like any Tullias and Cornelias out of a gallery of statues; little noisy boys and girls playing on the shore or capering down from the bathing boxes, our own children piling their castle. It is all present as I write, the heave of the crisp horizon, the flash of brine, the faint sparkle of distant promontories. People talk of being misunderstood; surely there are moments when every grain of sand, every gleam of light, seems to re-



spond to the uttermost need of one's being, and to complete and to satisfy.

The cheerfulness and clatter of it all first struck our friend Hugh; and, for the first time, he understood that besides one's life and one's habits there is such a thing as the state of mind in which people and their neighbours habitually live. It is quite independent of circumstances, and represents the measure from which they start. Whether one state of mind is more desirable than another was not the question he asked himself. He had been used to look with something like scorn upon anything that was good-humoured and temporary: a stern realization of the terrors of life, and a heavy plod along its pitfalls, had always seemed to him the most reasonable aspect to contemplate. It had been his mother's and his father's, it was his brothers'.

Under all these cheerful influences he came back to the chateau whistling, with his hands in his pockets, and prepared to eat, drink coffee, and transact business; he passed old Pierre with clean straw in his sabots, cracking a cheerful morning whip.

The breakfast was set out on the oil-skin table-cover, a dish of piled-up fruit in the centre, bowls of coffee, and a loaf three feet long, from which Mathilde was cutting liberal hunches. Blanche was breakfasting in the sunshine; she was sitting just where the light fell upon the oak parquet, she was still dressed in white, demurely sipping her bowl of milk. She looked a little pale, even younger than the night before.

"Here is the English gentleman!" said Mathilde, looking up, and she opened the window to let their visitor in. As she did so, all the morning aureole, birds' songs, light, fresh, and renovating, rushed in. Mathilde shivered, but enjoyed; and, being cold, went off to get a shawl for Blanche, while the young lady answered Hugh's inquiries.

"Here is your aunt's little fur tippet for you, my child," said the kind creature, coming back with some swandown.

"Thank you, Mathilde," said Blanche; "Mr. Gourlay will not believe that I am no longer frightened; but give us something more to eat quickly, for this is a fast-day, and I am hungry. I should like some more cream."

Mademoiselle Mathilde hurried off, enchanted. Fast-day or feast-day, she never ate anything herself, but her pleasure was to provide for others; and this lit-

tle Blanche was very near her heart. Who could help loving her? a soft, little wilful creature, with sudden spirits flaming up, silent deep suppressions, all following one another so rapidly that it was hard to say which of all these sunshines and tempests was Blanche herself.

Then the little grey woman took some crumbs from the table and scattered them over the garden path that crossed the window. A sparrow immediately appeared ready to grapple with an enormous block of bread.

"Are you fond of birds?" said Blanche; "I am," watching Hugh as he went on with his breakfast. "There are thrushes in the garden of the convent where I was brought up at, and a nightingale sings in June. I watch him under the tree. It is so pretty; one night we tried to steal out to listen to it, but the good mother punished us all next day."

"How glad you must be to be at home!" said Hugh, who had finished his coffee. "Now you will be able to listen to nightingales as long as you like."

Blanche did not answer: she crimsoned up and then became very pale; even her pretty red lips seemed to turn white for a moment. "Don't you know," she began, then faltered. She was always gentle, and generally deliberate in her movements, but on this occasion some sudden impulse made her start from her chair, spring swiftly to the window and out into the garden; the birds in front of the window flew away frightened.

Mathilde started; Blanche had vanished. Hugh Gourlay was a little puzzled; he looked at his companion, wondering what he had said amiss. The diligent little woman was still clearing away the breakfast, and brushing the crumbs off the oilskin cover of the table. She seemed to avoid his glance. When Hugh got up and walked into the garden, he saw Blanche, in the sunshine as quietly as if nothing had happened.

Benches alternated with orange trees along the terrace, and Blanche had chosen the sunniest. She sat quite still with her hands linked into her sleeves, in the way she had learnt from the nuns. She was looking intently at the swaying branch of a tree, from which some lilac dropping westerias were hanging. Her shadow never stirred upon the gravel walk. Beyond the terrace, in the great meadow, the cows were standing in their sombre coats; beyond the cows, the old iron gates were closed against the world



—“jaunting by the highway.” It all looked secure and peaceful enough. As Hugh came up, the young Chatelaine moved ever so little and made a place for him on the bench beside her.

“Tell me,” she said, suddenly, “why did you come here?”

“I came on business,” said Hugh.

“What business?” said Blanche, still looking at the westeria branch, where a little sparrow was swinging and swaying to a tune in his own brain.

“I have to find a particular sort of machine,” said Hugh, “for which your father has left a model, I understand, and I have to find a poodle for my father. He thinks that is most important of all, but I am very anxious to get the machine.”

“A machine! a poodle!” said Blanche, looking at him with her wise yet innocent eyes. “Have you come all this way for a poodle? I think I can help you; there is a poor woman in the village who has one to dispose of. His name is Bismarck. He is a very big dog: I will have him brought here for you. I cannot think how any one can like dogs. We cannot endure dogs in this house. There are none at the Convent; that is something gained.”

Then he began telling her one dog story after another; he spoke of colleys and terriers and sheep dogs, warming to his subject as he went on; he brought a whole new world into his talk—a world of moors and of liberty, of adventure, a world of nature.

Never in the course of her short existence had little Blanche heard any one speak in such a voice as this or heard such a hymn to natural things. She had heard of miracles, of ecstasies, of preserves and embroidery; she had heard of pictures, of incense, of self-infliction and devotion; but of winds and life and liberty and labour, free, enduring—she had never heard any one speak in this way before. She tried to realize Hugh’s stories as they followed; listening with averted eyes. Once she raised them with a look that made him almost cease to speak, it was so constraining in its veiled appeal. “Don’t tell me any more,” it seemed to say.

“I shall never hear such things again,” she said at last, in her slow English. “I shall soon be gone from here, I think, but I shall remember it all.” Then she sighed and moved uneasily, and then folded her hands once more, but he could see her little tender fingers trembling.

“Are you going to a pretty part of the

country?” asked young Gourlay, in his most matter-of-fact tones.

Hugh scouted emotion and avoided it as Blanche avoided poodles, and his tone at once froze her confidence.

“It is pretty enough,” she said, dryly, “but that will make little difference to me. The place I am going to is . . .” — she stopped — “would not interest you,” she said.

“One can never tell,” said Hugh, “what will interest another person, any more than one can tell what may be about to happen to oneself.”

“I know very well what is before me,” said Mademoiselle de Latouche; and Hugh vaguely smiled and surmised.

“I could tell you every day of all my life to come as long as I live if I chose,” continued the girl, with a sad quiver in her slow voice; “when you go back to your moors, to your dogs, to your free life, I shall be in my convent, at peace and safe from the world and its temptations.” She raised her wistful, magnetic eyes, as she spoke, with some wild yet mystical look in them that Hugh never forgot again.

“What do you mean?” he asked, in a different tone.

“I am going to enter the Convent of the Sisters of the Holy Pilgrims,” said little Blanche, in a low voice. Then she said no more, but sat smoothing the fluff upon her tippet, mechanically stroking it down with her little fingers.

The bewildered Englishman remained on the bench beside her—watching her in surprise and painful interest. He began presently to question. Contrary to her wont, she answered all his questions with the greatest readiness and simplicity. Yes, it was of her own free-will she was going in. Her aunt wished it, and so did M. le Curé, and her father wished it, so they said; and what else could she do? Once she had thought of marrying a young man her father had approved, but he died: she had only seen him twice, but she always wore his portrait, and she pointed to the locket on her arm. He was something like—she stopped again and went on to speak of the convent. She loved the sisters; they were kinder than anybody else except poor Mathilde.

“And it is a beautiful life,” said the little thing seriously, “to pray, to sing in the chapel, to be good and loved by all the saints, and to spend one’s life for the good of others, praying for them. Perhaps,” she said, clasping her hands

thoughtfully, "some other girl will profit by my prayers and find happiness — my happiness."

Hugh was too much shocked and frightened to know what to say at the moment, and before he could make up his mind Mathilde came flying out upon the terrace. Mademoiselle desired to see him, she said; would he please come at once? — she did not like waiting. The Curé de St. Rambert was expected, and she was already vexed by his delay.

M. le Curé de St. Rambert took a special interest in the fate of little Blanche. The little thing would probably inherit her aunt's fortune as well as her father's possessions: let them beware of scheming fortune-hunters, ready to devour the poor innocent; let them accept with a good heart the safe protection that the Church extends to those holy women who are filled with noble aspirations, and turn to her for safety and refuge. Blanche had been sent to the convent, by his advice, for her education. She seemed to have a vocation; let them beware how they discouraged it! This was St. Rambert's advice.

The Curé de St. Joyeux had nearly been denied the house in disgrace for having shown so little sympathy when his advice was asked concerning Blanche's future. "Marry her, Madame," he had been churlish enough to say; "find some good young fellow to make a home for her. Hers does not seem to me a character matured for a cloister life. She has movements, sublime movements of piety and fervour; but that is a mere passing phase in her young soul. Some people are thus constituted, and I do not say that they are by any means the worst. Now, there is M. le Vicaire, if you ask me; he seems eminently cut out for religious life. He is now arranging the details of another procession next Thursday: it will be most striking."

Mademoiselle de Latouche must have been in a capricious mood that day. Mathilde led Hugh into a sort of ante-room, where she begged him to wait while she went in and announced him. The time seemed a little long, and the young man walked to the window and looked out. It was a window which opened on one of the twisted balconies, and from whence he could see the garden, and the terrace, and the orange trees all mapped out before him; and as he looked he saw that M. le Curé de St. Rambert had come up and sat down on the bench where he had been sitting. Little Blanche was still

there, listening with averted face to the Curé, who was speaking with unction and much action of the hands. Then she suddenly started away, and set off running along the orange trees, and the Curé crossed towards the house. Mathilde also came out of an adjoining room, looking somewhat confused.

"Well!" said Hugh.

Mathilde shook her head. Mademoiselle had changed her mind; she could not receive him that morning.

It afterwards occurred to Hugh that this had been a little ruse of the house-keeper's to get him out of the way before the priest's arrival. Mathilde hurried him down by a different staircase to that by which she had brought him.

## VII.

UNTIL he had heard her story, Blanche had seemed to Hugh just a young lady like any other; now, when he looked out into this flower-garden all a-bloom, and watched the little thing's play and bright antics, and heard her sweet voice, some other chord was struck, and there seemed a strange meaning to it all. After that first explanation, little Blanche seemed to trouble herself no more about her fate; but what curious things meanings are! This future was like a shadow creeping over a summer day, so Hugh thought; like the melancholy reverberation of a voice calling gayly across an empty court. The more often Blanche's laugh sounded, the more sadly this echo seemed to sound. . . .

How quickly people get used to the things that they like! Habits of tranquil intimacy are, perhaps, the most insidious of all. They seem so easy, so harmlessly absorbing, why should they not continue forever? Great events, wonderful successes, deserving triumphs, those may be for others, but for ourselves we ask but little: the peaceful satisfaction, the person you expect, the hour you love best returning again and again. One is told of the vanity of human wishes, but people do not surely apply so grand a name to anything so unimportant as the opening of a door, the quiet daily entrance of one person or another. . . .

These two young people were thrown into a strange companionship. Mademoiselle de Latouche for once was really ill, and too much absorbed in her symptoms to trouble herself about what was going on in the house. From what H. had said, she had taken it for granted that Mr. Gourlay was an old manufacturer.

Mathilde innocently answered all Mademoiselle's questions. He was quiet, gave no trouble, was out most of the day; this was all the account she gave. He was anxious to go as soon as he had been allowed to see the machine.

But Mademoiselle was firm. No, not until she had seen him and made her bargain would she consent to let Hugh go or carry off the model. Mathilde had the key; let her keep it for the present.

The days went by so peacefully that there was nothing to dwell upon. They used to spend long hours on the terrace, nothing happening except that the cows came crossing the field, or the shadow of the sun-dial travelled across the disc. One night Blanche persuaded Mathilde to come down to the beach. They walked down the great avenue, of which the trees looked so tall in the moonlight. As they reached the gate that led to the road, the two priests were passing along on their way from the church; their buckles gleamed in the moonlight. It was a lovely, vast night; that strange harmony which is not sound, which is not silence, was vibrating everywhere. The moon was slowly winning a silver victory, and conquering realm after realm of sand, and down, and sea; now the church spire itself is won, the marble step in the open door, through which you see the dim lamp burning at the altar-rail. There within all is still, mysterious, and voiceless; but without, how the sky flashes — what dimmed glory of star-light seems waiting for a signal to burst into life! H. was sitting among shadows; the husband and wife were walking slowly along the trellis wall; sometimes a star rose above its leafy line, sometimes a veil seemed to fall gently upon all this mystery. I saw the trio from the castle from my window as they passed on their way to the beach.

The sea lay quite still in the moonlight, and only streaked by some long black lines that came rolling in strangely, with a dull monotony of calm and sound. Hugh had once heard an oratorio given in the town-hall at York, and the night brought it back to his mind. He had forgotten the music, but he could remember the impression that it made, the sense of distance, the harmonious concords breaking through the modulation of vaguer notes. Here was the oratorio again. "It frightens me," said Blanche; "but how beautiful it is!" High overhead rode the pale moon, a pervading melancholy falling upon the waves, the

cliffs darkly enclosing all, the stars shining against their crests.

Mathilde stood gazing at the black lines in the sea. "There will be a storm to-night," she said.

Blanche turned, with a low, soft sigh. "Come, there is a boat putting off. How I should like to row out into the moonlight!"

When one is young, impressions come like beautiful tunes, easy to remember, with melody caressing and entrancing. Each year adds meaning upon meaning to every feeling, accompaniment to every loving tune, and presently it is no longer one exquisite air, but a great concerted movement that carries us away; each note seems complicated and enchorded into others. Hugh and Blanche were young, uncomplicated as yet; they had not six weeks' experience between them, for Blanche in her convent had scarcely seen less of the world than Hugh among his throbbing engines. The music that was sounding in their ears, on this mysterious night, was a very sweet one.

"I think I could remain looking at the waves for years," said Blanche. "Ah! what a pity that the convent windows do not look upon the sea!"

"The convent windows will not show you much worth looking at, I should think," said Hugh, turning crossly away.

"That is the reason of it," said Blanche, stopping short. "The convent is a friend who comes to detach us from the things of this world, its vanities, its pleasures, and heartlessness." She spoke with a cold yet passionate earnestness, and waited for him to answer.

"Do you think there are no troubles in life?" said Hugh, with his hands in his pockets, muttering between his teeth. "Real troubles with some heart in them, instead of flimsy metaphors and fancy penances inflicted by old women." Blanche flushed furiously.

"I must never speak to you again, if you speak to me like that," she said. They had walked up to the boats.

At this time a boat was putting out to sea, and the two fishermen to whom it belonged were struggling with ropes and cords and fish-baskets; a boy was leaping in and out, hauling and pushing. The weird moonlight fell upon their faces; a woman with a child in her arms stood silently near, watching their progress.

"We are ready," said the elder man, coming up to where the woman was standing; "good-night, my girl; go

home; there is nothing to fear." He gave her a loud kiss, and leapt into the boat; it shoved off with a dull splash, and went rapidly tossing across the black waves. The woman suddenly burst out crying, and kissed her baby again and again.

They found some one expecting them when they reached home. Blanche's poodle was sitting on the door-step. It was a present, she said, laughing. Hugh must accept it; a big white poodle dog, nicely curled and frilled, with a string tied to its muzzle. It had pink eyes, and an innocent black nose like a button. Its wide-spread paws were ornamented with elegant little tufts; its tail ended in a tassel. The old peasant woman who had brought it was gazing wistfully at the foolish blinking eyes that returned her glances with so much truthful affection.

The poodle slept in a corner of Hugh's bed-room all that night; about two o'clock in the morning, to the consternation of the household, he roused the whole place with his howls. Hugh quieted him as best he could, but the consequences were serious. Mademoiselle had been awakened; her indignation was not to be described.

When Hugh came down to breakfast he found Mathilde pale, with red eyes, as red as Bismarck's own. Blanche nervous, uneasy, starting at every sound. No one could describe the scene that Mademoiselle had given them. M. le Curé had been sent for. They had been up all night.

"Oh! sir!" said Mathilde, giving him his coffee with a trembling hand; "how am I to tell you?"

"I will tell him," said little Blanche, coming up. "My aunt is cruel: she says that you must not stay, that you must take Bismarck, and that I am never to see you again," said the girl in a cold, dull voice.

"Nonsense," said Hugh. "Of course I must go if your aunt wishes it. I shall go home with Bismarck: for many reasons it is the best thing I can do. But if you will let me come back," he said, looking at her steadily. . . . "I will come this day week . . ."

Blanche's eyes were cast down: she flushed up, said something unintelligible, and ran out of the room, as the priest entered with blandest politeness. Mademoiselle de Latouche's indisposition was so grave, that she regretted being obliged to inform her friend that she should not be able to transact the business upon

which he had come. "The coach leaves at three, I believe," said the Curé.

Hugh got up and bowed very stiffly.

"I had already made up my mind to leave the chateau," said he. "Perhaps, as you pass the village, you would kindly secure my place."

"With the greatest pleasure," said the Abbé.

While Hugh was travelling back to his home, little Blanche was fitting away under the trees towards the meadow; she was pacing restlessly on and on, no longer lingering in the autumnal sunshine, scarcely taking pains to hold up her long white dress as it flowed upon the ground. But the place was so trim and crisply kept that there was but little to soil her skirt. She was not herself somehow, less to-day than she had ever been; its radiance and peaceful completeness seemed a long way from her; some sudden revulsion of feeling had filled her grey eyes with tears; she seemed to belong to the place as she had never belonged to it before, to feel that she had never been conscious enough of all the beautiful things, the memories, the childish hopes which had come to her there. Yes, there in that hollow she had once come with her father, holding his hand, and she could remember him standing in the gateway and calling to her. It was his wish that she was following now. M. le Curé de St. Rambert had told her so. How could she judge? A poor girl who has known nothing of life, who has seen no one, been nowhere; "and yet they might have waited," said little Blanche bitterly to herself. "My aunt is unhappy at parting from me; she is too good to care for mere personal feeling; but it will be terrible for Mathilde when I am gone." Then she began to think about the convent; she could see it all quite plain, and hear the nuns' voices through the rustling of the trees, and the novices' parlour with its two or three books, the altar to the Virgin, the cupboards, the straw chairs, and the window into the passage.

"Good-bye!" sister Marie Alba had said, the morning she came away, in her melancholy voice; "have you seen the good mother and taken leave?"

Then three novices had come in and sister Angelique, with a long flying veil, all saying farewell. "We shall see you again, my beloved, and then you will stay with us," the two nuns had said.

Sister Françoise had been putting

linen in the cupboard, great heavy sheets with blue lines, the doors were open with the crosses on the corner panels. Françoise had turned her pale nose ("Will mine look like that?" wondered Blanche): "Before you go, dear angel, your eyes are so clear, look at my silver ring, tell me whether it is bent. I showed it to Sister Catherine, but she cannot see anything amiss, and yet, by holding it to the light, does it not appear somewhat flattened, just by the silver heart?"

Blanche had taken the ring and the chain with its mythical symbols of hearts and flames into her hand. "What does it signify whether it is bent or not, Sister Françoise?" she asked.

"It matters—it matters a great deal; why the good mother herself—I shall ask M. le Curé next time he comes. Dear child, you are not going away in the convent dress?"

"She has leave to wear it," said the sister Angélique. "It is a special grace, for her own clothes are not come from the dress-maker's. . . ."

So it all came back to her, Blanche thought, with a sting of self-reproach: how familiar and kind those worn faces were! Perhaps that was why Mathilde, with her worn looks, seemed more like home to her than her aunt, herself comfortable and handsome in that well-appointed room; and then Blanche thought of a life devoted, of highest impulse on earth leading to glorious reward in heaven, so they told her, so the Curé had told her just now; but would there not still be time in another year? she wanted to wait for the fête next month; she wanted leave to keep a dog in the convent; she wanted—what did she want? She thought of the fisherman's wife the night before, of the sea, of the moonlight: everything seemed to hurt, to tear her in every direction; she need not determine yet, not yet—not yet.

The Curé was still on the terrace, but she brushed past him without speaking.

This much Blanche felt that she must do, she must see him again, to say goodbye to her friend, and give him the thing that he wished for: this much was her right. She had not talked to Hugh all those long hours without being somehow carried away from her old boundaries, never to return to them, never again.

Had Blanche chosen? She knew not what she had chosen. She was in a miserable state of doubt and indecision. She felt herself watched; Denise was

forever in her way; the Curé of St. Rambert was always there.

One day Bismarck's former owner, who had been hovering about the terrace for some time, came up to Blanche as she passed on her way from mass. Denise sharply told her to make way, but Madame Roullot persisted. The gentleman who had bought the dog was come back, and had he brought good news of poor Bibi?

Blanche had sent a message to our children to come up and walk in the garden of the chateau whenever they liked; they were English—that was enough to make them her friends. One day the whole company straggled up along the dusty road, Albinia flitting a-head with her Binnie clinging to her skirts. The Major carried the little one, and Marjory and Anne proudly bore their provisions in their little baskets; the homeliest fare, short bread and rolls, and milk in a stone jug. They found a tea-table, an old leaf-besprinkled bench among crisp autumnal avenues; they made a centre-piece of daisies in a saucer. A few brown leaves dropped into their cups, but they rendered them all the more intoxicating. Children love open air, they love play, and they love their elders to look on at their gambols. As we all sate round, resting after our hot toil, we saw a figure advancing along the avenue; it came out of an old shed which had been built against the wall not far from where we were sitting.

"Who is it?" said H. "Is it a nun or a peasant woman?"

It was some one dressed in a coiffe and a long white floating veil over a grey serge dress; this person, whoever it was, advanced a little way, then went back, then came forward again. . . .

The pupils in the convents of the sisters of the order of the Holy Pilgrims wear a very singular and unbecoming dress; it is made of grey merinos, plainly cut, with loose long sleeves falling upon their hands. Their young faces are enclosed in white caps with narrow frills, to which are attached black floating veils, which give them somewhat the appearance of nuns themselves. This dress is not becoming, but there are those for whom the quaint sobriety only serves as a foil. Blanche de Latouche was certainly one of these. Neither caps, nor veils, nor prim grey robes could shade her sudden beauty; the soft eyes pierced



through quills of any depth, and veils far thicker than the gauze that was floating along the garden pathway. The veiled apparition was not a nun—it was Blanche, in her convent school-girl dress. Some feeling had made her put it on to-day. She knew that Hugh would be coming. This was the day he had promised to come. All day long she had been expecting him; all day long she had been making up her mind quietly, with gentle perversity, that she would help him to get what he wanted; that her farewell gift to him should be this model, upon which he had set his heart. It was hers—her father had left it her; this much she knew, she had a right to her own as yet. It was for that she had taken the key from the shelf where it lay in Mathilde's cupboard neatly docketed with the others. She had come down to assure herself that all was right—that the lock would turn. She feared she knew not what. She half expected the Archbishop, armed with all the thunder of the Church, to appear, and carry it off under his arm. Suddenly she saw the little conclave looking on with wide-open eyes. She had never spoken to us before, but as she came forward gently towards us, skirting the path as a child might have done—

Albinia went to meet her. "I am glad to welcome you," Blanche said prettily in English. "I hope M. Gourlay gave you our message. Any time my aunt will be glad to see you at the chateau. Have you enough milk? Can we send you anything from the house? Will not the children like to play upon the terrace?—There is a fine prospect."

She said it all so kindly, and with such cordial grace, that we could not refuse; and so it happened that when Hugh Gourlay came walking up from the inn to the chateau, after his week's absence, he found us all comfortably installed in the meadow in front of the house. The children were playing a game—Marjory, Anne, Dodo, and Binnie—at their four corners of the world. Blanche stood in the centre, gleeful, clapping her hands as she darted from one side to another. The children laughed, and flew with all their hearts in the game, holding hands, capering here and there.

They were all in the midst of their play when Hugh came up. I saw him look very strange, and hurry suddenly across the grass; the children began to shout and to cry out that he must join them.

"Blanche is puss! Blanche is puss!"

"Take care!" cried little Dodo, tumbling across his path. Some spirit seemed to set them all flying and capering across the meadow, and Blanche suddenly darted ahead, in and out, and round from tree to tree, from bush to bush. The light figure flew; the children followed in the hottest, happiest excitement.

Mathilde appeared upon the terrace. I saw Mademoiselle herself, with one of her priests, was looking out of her tower windows.

As Blanche started off she passed close to Hugh. "I want you," she said; then Hugh, with a child on his shoulder, set off running too, and the whole party vanished under the nut trees. We could hear their voices ringing on long after they had disappeared.

Blanche led the way by the covered path towards the shed; there she suddenly stopped short, and all the children surrounded her, calling out that she was caught.

She turned to Hugh, panting, and blushing, and breathless; "I knew you would come. Here," she said, "take this key—it is the key of this shed, where the model is kept; I want you to have it. It is a farewell gift from a friend—a true, true friend. You can bring two men to-night and carry the machine away. It is mine; I may still give it to you."

"Still give it!" said Hugh, very pale. "What does this mean? What is this veil? Blanche" . . . he could scarcely speak the words.

"It is my old school dress," said Blanche, smiling, and still breathless. "I am not yet a nun. I have asked for delay. The Curé of Joyeux posted my letters. My aunt's director will be angry, but that I cannot help."

Once more she would have started off shyly. "Ah! I am caught!" she cried. A straggling thorny rose hung over the roof of the shed; her long flying veil was twisted in the branch. She was a prisoner, for her veil was securely fastened to her cap and her thick coils of hair.

Hugh tried in vain to disentangle it. All his fingers were trembling still; he had feared he had come too late.

"If Mathilde were here, she could untie the string," said Blanche.

"Make haste! make haste! 'Here is the Curé running after us,' cried the children, excitedly.

"Cut it!" cried Blanche, impatiently; "cut the string; it fastens the cap and the veil too."

Hugh pulled out his big knife, and in

an instant had snipped the cap-string, and with the string the veil gave way, and Blanche, springing free once more, shook all her beautiful sunshine of hair in a glistening mist over her shoulders; then she turned, laughing and blushing, to thank him. The cap lay on the ground in the sunshine.

"Mademoiselle Bla-an-an-anche;" sang Mathilde in the distance, calling, "your aunt wants you."

"O, she is a fairy princess," sang Binnie, dancing about madly, and clapping his hands.

The two looked at each other. They had forgotten the children's presence. "O, think well of it!" he was saying. "Leave all this behind. Come with me — come home to your home in England. I will take care of you." He spoke in a voice that seemed to carry Blanche away by its reality — by its natural might of tender protection. "Do you hear me? You frightened me dreadfully," said Hugh. "Speak, Blanche. Give me your hand."

As if in a dream, she put her hand in his. The children had begun a new song and set off dancing along the avenue; the two, still hand-in-hand, walked on, following unconsciously. Little Marjory dropped all the daisies out of her nosegay in their path as she ran; little Dodo picked up a pretty golden leaf and threw it at Blanche's white skirt. They all turned down a side alley. The Curé de St. Rambert coming up to the place where they had been standing, only found the cap lying in the sunshine, and the long veil still floating from a branch.

In those days marriages between Catholics and Protestants were not so strictly forbidden as now. Hugh had a battle to fight, but we all know what happened when the Prince drew his sword.

My hero won his bride. Blanche married him as soon as she came of age. Old Mr. Gourlay was enchanted. Ben and Bathurst both married also, soon after Hugh.

Blanche is very happy at Gilwick. She is far the sweetest of the three brides. She is a great favourite with her father-in-law and since her coming Bismarck has ceased to regret Normandy.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MENDELSSOHN.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

CHAPTER V. (*continued*).

FRANKFORT (1837).

LEIPSIK, 15th of April, 1839.

MY DEAR GOOD FRIEND, — I feel particularly inclined to write to you to-day, and have a chat with you: I was just thinking of how I used to lie on your sofa and lament and make you play to me, because I was so much in love; and then I thought, how nice it would be if we could see one another again soon and really live together, — and then I thought what a long while off that must be. But I have a lot of business matters to write to you about to-day, and will begin with those at once. First of all the oratorio. What do you mean by talking about my taking responsibility upon myself — and the risk of looking through the score beforehand, etc.? You insane fellow, as if I did not know all that long before, and also how a work of yours which you yourself take pleasure in and write with real liking will turn out — and you know too how I look forward to such a work, and that I shall devote all the loving care that I can to the performance of it, if you will entrust it to me. Is it really necessary for me to tell you that first? But, so as not to follow my own opinion solely, or to be alone in addressing myself to you, I told the concert-directors about that part of your letter referring to the oratorio (*cum grano salis*, that is to say, omitting your over-great modesty) and received the following answer from Stadtrath Porsche, the secretary of the concerts; at first I meant to send you the original letter, but I shall copy it instead, because the paper is thick, and the postage would be thick too: —

"Honoured Sir (notice the legal phraseology) — according to your obliging information, Herr Ferdinand Hiller at Milan is occupied in the composition of an oratorio, 'The Prophet Jeremiah,' from which great things may be expected as to merit and importance; the concert-directors have commissioned me to assure you that it would afford them much pleasure to see and hear this work performed at one of the concerts during the coming winter of 1839-40, if Herr Hiller will have the kindness to forward the score to us. With the greatest esteem, etc., etc.,

"Leipzig, March 1839.

PORSCHÉ."

It is to be hoped that you won't now think any more about my having too great a responsibility. And I hope that this insignificant opportunity may give you zest and liking for a new work. In your next letter (addressed to Düsseldorf till the middle of May, to Frankfort till the end of June) you must give me a few words, in reply to this, which I may communicate to the Directors; it pleases them so immensely when an artist like yourself takes notice of them *quâ* Concert-Directorium, and

they were all very much flattered by your request. We could not well give it in the church, because we shall have to let our church-concerts rest for a year or two, before we can put them on a proper footing again (it would take too long to explain all the reasons), so it would be in the concert-room, with a large chorus of amateurs; therefore mind you give the chorus plenty to do. And as I said before, answer as soon as you can. A parcel will be going off to you in a few days by Kistner; it has been in his hands all ready packed for the last four weeks, and now he promises really to send it off; it contains the score of my 42nd Psalm, the "St. Paul" and a cello sonata of mine lately published, which I only send because of the lovely cover, and by way of a novelty—otherwise there is not much in it. But if you are not pleased with the psalm in its new dress with the old lining, I shall shoot myself. The parcel will be six weeks on the road, I hear, and will be addressed to Giovanni Ricordi at Milan; so you must inquire there when you have an opportunity. Of course you understand that I mean you to keep all the contents of the parcel. I sent off your two overtures, with the metronome marks, to the Philharmonic a fortnight ago, after we had given a good performance of the one in D minor at the charity concert here, and found your alterations very advantageous. It gains very materially by them, and the flow of it is not at all interrupted. And now, though I am really ashamed to, I must tell you of a newspaper article which I read about you the other day, and which gave me a deal of pleasure. One morning at rehearsal somebody showed me a number of the new musical paper (Schumann the editor of it was in Vienna all the winter) in which there was something which concerned me, and looking through the rest of the paper, I found a leading article, continued through two numbers, headed by your name. I took it away with me to read, and a great deal of it really gave me extraordinary pleasure; it is evidently written by some one who is not personally acquainted with you in the very least degree, but on the other hand knows every one of your works most intimately, some one who did not even know that you were no longer in Frankfurt, and yet could picture you to himself quite well and distinctly from your compositions, and is evidently very favourably disposed towards you. I hear that it is said to have been written by a German in Warsaw. The real point of the thing is that he thinks that somehow or other you are out of humour, and have resolved not to publish or even compose anything more, and he implores you for Heaven's sake not to carry out this resolution, and not to believe that people do not watch you with sympathy and pleasure, as he does himself for example, and the paper is headed with the motto: "How great the loss, when such heads make holiday." You see the man knew nothing of you personally, but that was just why I enjoyed it,—and I should have

sent it to you, if I had not almost sworn never to put newspaper extracts into my letters. But this and a joke on the last page remind me of the too terrible and awful news of Nourrit's death. It is a long, long time since anything has grieved me so deeply and taken such strong hold of me as this. It made me think of the bright, happy time when I had seen him, of the genuine, free, artist-nature which he seemed to have then, of the honour and glory which he gained everywhere, of his wife and children, and of the infinitely sad state of a mind which knew no other remedy but this, which wipes out the whole previous existence with all its happiness as if it had never been. How the news must have shocked you! It was only in your last letter that you were speaking of him; you had seen him so lately, been so fond of him—it is too dreadful. And who can think of, or wish for fame and celebrity and happiness, when any one outwardly so happy and inwardly so gifted, could yet at the same time be so boundlessly unhappy. To me, there is more in this than in the profoundest sermon I ever heard, and once I begin to think of it I cannot get over it at all. Do tell me all you can about it; all that you know of further particulars and details. I have heard nothing but the details of the evening before, and of his last moments. Tell me, if you know anything about it, what could have brought him to such terrible misery and to such a resolve. If it was nothing more than those few hissings and whistlings at the theatre, as they say in the papers, nobody ought ever to appear in public again after they have once earned bread enough to keep them from starving, or should ever choose a profession which would make them dependent on the public.

Now I must answer some of the questions in your letter. A number of different people conduct at the Philharmonic, Sir G. Smart, Moscheles, Potter, etc., so it is impossible to foretell into what sort of hands you might fall, clean or unclean. I am quite at sea again about my English opera; the poet won't alter it, and I won't compose unless he does—it's the old, old song of the drunken "Bohnen-schmied." And I always have to begin it over again, for I know I am right. But woe betide you if you praise Mercadante's "Giuramento," for I have had the pianoforte arrangement in my room for ever so long and have certainly given myself trouble enough with it, and yet I find it quite insufferable and vulgar, and not a note in it which I cared the least bit about. Don't be angry with me, I can't help it; it's curious that the surroundings and the air and the way of putting it really do make an impression on everybody—but here in Leipsic the "Giuramento" cuts an awful figure—in my own house that is to say. You will never in all your life make music like that—it can't be; that is why I rejoice doubly for the numbers of your opera which you promise me and for which I am most eager. In a week I go to the Festival at Düsseldorf, where the

"Messiah" is to be given on the first day; on the second the "Eroica," the Beethoven C major Mass, an overture and my 42nd Psalm; and on the third Gluck's "Alceste" in the theatre with costumes and all. There are to be singers from Berlin, and they will make the last (evidently the best) practicable. The festival is at Whitsuntide again. Afterwards we are to be at the wedding of my sister-in-law, Julie Jeanrenaud, who is going to marry a young Schunk from here; after that we stay on in Frankfort for a time, then spend a fortnight with my uncle on the Rhine—and my castles in the air go no further. Now this letter is really done; it's quite absurdly long; many many remembrances to your mother, and also to Mdlle. S., and write to me very soon, dear Ferdinand; your letters are such a pleasure to me.

Always your FELIX.

My wife and child are well and beg to be remembered to you.

FRANKFORT, 27th July, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your brother says I am to put in a word for you into his letter. Everything here, every day, every walk through the town and in the woods recalls you to me so strongly, that I ought long ago to have written you a proper letter of my own, and I mean to very shortly. I should like to write to you about all Frankfort, but that is just what keeps me from writing. So to-day I only send you and your dear mother my remembrances and best wishes. We are all well, and so is your brother and also your sister-in-law on the sofa in the next room. Your portrait over the sofa is like, after all, though rather atrociously painted, but it is well conceived. Yes, if only you were here yourself. All your friends here remember you most affectionately I can tell you, and all wish for you back again. It's to be hoped the oratorio will soon come now, and you with it, which will be far nicer than this letter paper and the too miles of separation. Farewell to to-day, you dear friend and musician; next time I shall write to you properly: forgive my haste and be a little fond of your FELIX.

FRANKFORT, 16th August, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—On returning here from Horchheim I find your letter from Basle, with the second part of the oratorio, and glancing quickly over it in the bustle of travelling preparations, I am struck by so many and such great beauties in it, that I can't help telling you so to-day, though in few words, and thanking you for the great pleasure and enjoyment you have given me with it. This second part seems to me far superior to the first in every respect, and wherever I look I find splendid touches, quite peculiar to you. What I like best of all is the A major chorus with the solo and the repetition—the mere *tempo*, and the vigorous opening are new and capital; one expects something quite different, and not nearly so fine. And then the first chorus, and the war march in C major, and the entrance of the chorus in the recitative,

and the one in F minor, and in fact the whole thing. It seems to me that the poet has again now and then missed a point; but why should I begin criticising again, when there is so much to surprise and delight me beyond my expectation? I promise you not to open my mouth again, at least not till I get your answer, which will be very soon I hope, and till I know that you are not angry with me for opening it so enormously wide already. Write soon, dear Ferdinand, and thanks, thanks, thanks for all this good and beautiful music.

Some letter of yours to me must have been lost. You write that you should perhaps hear from me at Bern, and I had no idea of your Swiss journey, and was quite perplexed by your dating from Basle. How shameful it is that we were so near together, both on the Rhine, and now again so far from one another! And yet it is quite right that you should be in Italy again, and that you should not let yourself be disturbed in your wishes and doings. To-morrow I go back to Leipsic, where I hope to hear from you soon. My wife and child are well and send messages to you and your mother, and I do the same with all my heart. Now I must be off.

I like your having put "Rigikulm, Mid-night," at the end of the "Destruction of Jerusalem;" but the C major is still better, and the A major opening is the most beautiful of all, and so, Ferdinand, best thanks to you, my dear friend.

Always your FELIX.

I had taken my dear mother and her companion to Basle, because the state of her health made it necessary for her to take the baths at Wiesbaden. Nevertheless, after a few weeks she became so ill that I hastened home. I received the following after I had written to Mendelssohn from Frankfort about the anxieties which troubled me:

LEIPSIK, 19th September, 1839.

DEAR FERDINAND,—I need hardly tell you how your yesterday's letter saddened me; you know what heartfelt sympathy I take in you and in your welfare. May God restore your dear mother to complete health and give comfort and happiness to you all; I can well imagine your anxiety and sadness at present; dear Ferdinand, if only I were with you! Even though I might not be able to help, I could perhaps divert your thoughts a little; have I not also felt from the bottom of my heart, how at such moments all art and poetry and everything else that is dear and precious to us, seem so empty and comfortless, so hateful and paltry, and the only thought that does one any good is: "Oh that God would help." When you have a spare moment, do write me a line to say how she is; we should so much like to hear from you as often as possible,—write me a line at least every week; I shall be so impatient for it.

I send off the first part of the oratorio by to-day's post. I have not quite done with the

second, so I had not written to you in Italy about it; I shall send it to-morrow or the day after, and then write to you properly and fully. Let us hear from you again directly. My wife sends best remembrances.

Your FELIX M. B.

My dear mother was not able to resist the illness which had attacked her, and died on the 22nd of September.

#### CHAPTER VI.

#### LEIPSIK: WINTER OF 1839-40.

LEIPSIK, 29th September, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — No words are needed to tell you how deeply I grieve for you in this great sorrow of yours; you know how I sympathize with you in everything which concerns you, whether it be good or bad, even in the merest trifles; how much more so then in the greatest loss which could befall you! Any one who knew your dear mother in the very least, or had ever seen you together, must know what an irreparable blank is made in your life and your heart by her death. But why should I say all this to you? I would so much rather be with you, so that we might have a quiet time together, and I might try and if possible help you to bear this bitter trial. Even that I cannot do; and besides, just at first, neither sympathy, nor words of comfort, nor even friends, can do one any good, — when they try their very best, they may only do harm, and certainly cannot help or be of any use; only God and one's sense of duty can do that. But what I wanted to write to you about was suggested to me by the last words in your letter, where you say that you must stay in Frankfort for the present on account of business matters; when these are over, couldn't you come to us for a little? Would not the change of surroundings, the affectionate and hearty welcome which you are sure of from all the musicians here, the separation from a place which though now doubly dear to you must also be doubly sad, do you good, and if not cheer you, at least distract your thoughts now and then? I do not mean now directly, but I was thinking of the end of next month, and November; my journey to Vienna is as good as given up, so I can offer you a nice, warm, pretty room, which we would make as comfortable as possible for you. Cécile joins with me in my request, and we hope you will fulfil our wish.

I don't speak of how well we could talk over the oratorio together, and all that we might do towards arranging for the performance, nor of all the music that I should hope to make you enjoy. To-day I only wish to impress upon you how much I want you to spend the next month in different surroundings and with friends who are as fond of you as we are.

How entirely our whole future rests always, and every day, in God's hands! My Cécile is expecting her confinement in the next few

weeks, and if one is to speak of the cares of married life, I as yet only know those which at such a time engross me every hour and minute, and leave me no peace for any other thought. Thank Heaven, she is so well and strong, that I hope God will continue to grant her health and happiness — and so with a sanguine heart I repeat my request and our invitation to you. Farewell for to-day, my dear, dear friend, try and keep up, and may Heaven give you courage and strength!

Always your F. M.

In the course of the next month this affectionate letter was followed by another similar to it, with these words: "Your room is ready for you, with a piano in it, and you shall be as undisturbed as you like; and a good deal disturbed too. My Cécile sends you her remembrances and joins most heartily in my request; so do come and try perfect rest and our quiet homely life for a time, and let me hope to see you very soon." It was impossible to resist such an invitation, so I set off as soon as I could manage it. I stopped at Weimar to pay a visit to the widow of my revered master, Hummel, for she had always been like a mother to me. There I found the following lines from my thoughtful friend:

LEIPSIK, 3rd December, 1839.

DEAR FERDINAND, — As there was no time after receiving your dear and welcome lines, to write to you at Frankfort, I send this to Weimar, in the hope that you may get it immediately on arriving. I live in Lurgenstein's garden, the first house on the left, on the second floor. I should like to know whether you travel in your own carriage, or by post, so that, in the first case, I might secure a place for your carriage. Write me two lines from Weimar to say when you are coming, and if possible tell me the exact time of your arrival here, or your departure from there, then I can go and meet you on the road. I need not tell you how much my wife and I look forward to seeing you, you dear friend. For the last three weeks all our friends, and all the friends of music, have kept on asking me, "When is Hiller coming?" and I have often had to tell them of your resolution to keep quiet, so that they might not be too eager in their demands. Now good-bye till we meet!

Your FELIX.

Mendelssohn and David met me at the place when the coach stopped and gave me the warmest of welcomes. In the course of the first few days I was introduced to Mendelssohn's relations and friends, and soon felt as if I had belonged to that delightful circle for years. Mendelssohn's house was pleasantly situated, with a nice open look-out from the front upon the Leipzig boulevard, and the St. Thomas's



school and church, once the sphere of the great Bach's labours. The arrangement of the rooms was as follows:—first, a sort of hall, with the dining-table and a few chairs; to the right of this a large sitting-room and some bedrooms; to the left my friend's study, with his piano. Opening out of this was a fine large drawing-room, which however was robbed of some of its natural elegance by the bed which had been put there for me, though this was counteracted by a piano also put there for my use.

Our way of life was regular and simple. At about eight we breakfasted on coffee and bread and butter. Butter Felix never eat, but broke his bread into his coffee like any schoolboy, "as he had been accustomed to do." We dined at one, and though he despised butter he always liked a glass of good wine, and we often had to try some special sort which he would produce with great delight, and swallow with immense satisfaction. We generally made quick work of our dinner, but in the evenings after supper we used often to sit round the table for hours chatting (not smoking), unless we moved to the piano which had been presented to Madame Mendelssohn by the directors of the Gewandhaus.

The first days were taken up with paying and receiving visits, and passed quickly enough. My next thought was to resume my work. I had a performance of my oratorio in prospect, and there was still a great deal to be done towards it. "We must sit and compose at the same table together;" said Mendelssohn one morning, "and let's begin at once to-day."

The following day was "Liedertafel," by which I must not be supposed to mean one of those huge societies formed in the last forty years to assist the love of the "Vaterland" and of wine and women. A dozen thorough musicians, some of whom to this day represent the most zealous supporters of music in Leipsic, used to meet from time to time, and did all honour to their title, for their *table* was no less excellent than their songs.\* Mendelssohn thought it would be great fun if we set the same words to music, and let the singers guess which was which. No sooner said than done. We looked through several volumes of poetry and soon agreed in the choice of a song of Eichendorff's. I can still see us sitting opposite one another, dipping our pens

into the same inkstand, the silence only broken at rare intervals by some joke or other, and the piano not once touched. In writing out the parts each copied half of his own composition and half of the other's. The scores were not to appear, and above all the secret was on no account to be betrayed to the members of the "Liedertafel."

The evening arrived, and the thing was a complete success. The songs were sung at sight in capital style, and only one of the singers, Dr. Schleinitz, one of the most accomplished of living amateurs, gave his opinion, with thorough conviction,—and was right. None of the others could make up their minds. We laughed and — held our tongues.

Mendelssohn afterwards apologized to me — very unnecessarily — for having let out the secret by publishing his song.\* I then published mine in a Swiss collection, to which I had been asked to contribute — I forget the title of it, and where it appeared,—but the origin of this little piece was always a charming recollection to me. Though I had felt no difficulty in throwing off a simple song in my friend's presence, it was quite different with more serious work. It was impossible for me to feel at my ease at the piano, with the consciousness that every idea had a listener — and such a one! Besides, I afterwards discovered, by chance, that Mendelssohn too did not like his communings with his genius to be overheard. How could it have been otherwise! Still, I found it extremely difficult, in the midst of all the kindness and affection which surrounded me, to come forward with the announcement, that, delightful as was our way of life, it must come to a stop. After many discussions, I at last got permission to look out for a lodging close by, on the condition that I should only work and sleep there, and to our general satisfaction we found one within a few steps. They were the same rooms in Reichel's garden which Mendelssohn had inhabited in his bachelor days. So, after about a fortnight at my friend's house, I moved into my new quarters.

We had had a tolerable quantity of music, however, during this time. Mendelssohn had just finished his great D minor trio, and played it to me. I was tremendously impressed by the fire and spirit, the flow, and, in short, the masterly character of the whole thing. But I

\* One of these, Dr. Petschke, has published some very pretty quartets for men's voices.

\* "Love and Wine," Op. 50, No. 5.

had one small misgiving. Certain pianoforte passages in it, constructed on broken chords, seemed to me — to speak candidly — somewhat old-fashioned. I had lived many years in Paris, seeing Liszt frequently and Chopin every day, so that I was thoroughly accustomed to the richness of passages which marked the new pianoforte school. I made some observations to Mendelssohn on this point, suggesting certain alterations, but at first he would not listen to me. "Do you think that that would make the thing any better?" he said; "the piece would be the same, and so it may remain as it is." "But," I answered, "you have often told me, and proved to me by your actions, that the smallest touch of the brush, which might conduce to the perfection of the whole, must not be despised. An unusual form of Arpeggio may not improve the harmony, but neither does it spoil it — and it becomes more interesting to the player. We discussed it and tried it on the piano over and over again, and I enjoyed the small triumph of at last getting Mendelssohn over to my view. Seriously and conscientiously as he took everything when once he had made up his mind about it, he now undertook the lengthy, not to say wearisome task, of rewriting the whole pianoforte part. One day, when I found him working at it, he played me a bit which he had worked out *exactly* as I had suggested to him on the piano, and called out to me, "That is to remain as a remembrance of you." Afterwards, when he had been playing it at a chamber concert with all his wonderful fire, and had carried away the whole public with it, he said, "I really enjoy that piece; it is honest music after all, and the players will like it, because they can show off with it." And so it proved.

In the course of that winter I witnessed a curious example of that almost morbid conscientiousness of Mendelssohn's with regard to the possible perfection of his compositions. One evening I came into his room, and found him looking so heated, and in such a feverish state of excitement, that I was frightened. "What's the matter with you?" I called out. "There I have been sitting for the last four hours," he said, "trying to alter a few bars in a song (it was a quartet for men's voices) and can't do it."

He had made twenty different versions, the greater number of which would have satisfied most people. "What you could not do to-day in four hours," said I, "you will be able to do to-morrow in as many

minutes." He calmed down by degrees, and we got into such earnest conversation that I stayed with him till a late hour. Next day I found him in unusually good spirits, and he said to me, "Yesterday evening when you were gone I was so excited that it was no use thinking of sleep, so at last I composed a little hunting-song, which I must play you at once." He sat down to the piano, and I heard the song, which has since delighted hundreds and thousands of people, namely, Eichendorff's "Sei gegrüsst du schöner Wald!" I hailed it with joyful surprise.

Musical life in Leipsic, which has always been extremely active, had certainly gained an extraordinary impetus through Mendelssohn's personal influence and energy. His eminent talent as a conductor was especially favourable to the performance of orchestral works. Even if before his time vigorous leaders, by the help of their fiddling, had made them go with spirit and precision, no one had ever imagined such deep conception, or such artistic finish in the performances of the great symphonies. It was a capital orchestra altogether, though the only example of extraordinary talent in it was Ferdinand David, who followed the conductor with his whole soul, and carried the quartet along with him. Having for many years attended the (wrongly so-called \*) Conservatoire Concerts in Paris, I was naturally at first much struck by the contrast to these, especially in the wind, and the general tone and effect. At that time the Leipsic Conservatorium was not yet founded, and it was only afterwards that the Gewandhaus Orchestra gained such material and brilliant reinforcements from David's pupils. But all the little drawbacks in individual execution were thrown into the background by the spirit and life which Mendelssohn instilled into the orchestra, his complete devotion to the cause, and the delight which at every successful achievement lit up his expressive features, and acted like electricity upon the public. When I speak of his conducting thus influencing the audience, it must not be supposed that he in any way courted the notice of the public by his behaviour at the desk. His movements were short and decided, and generally hardly visible, for he turned his right side to the orchestra. A mere glance at the first fiddle, a slight look one

\* The name of the Institution is Société des Concerts, and it consists of the best musicians in Paris. The Conservatoire, as such, only supplies the concert room, and the Sopranos and Altos for the chorus.

way or the other, was sufficient. It was the sympathy in the cause, which gathered strength from the sympathy brought to bear on it by so wonderful a man.

Symphonies and overtures were then as now the prominent feature in the Leipzig programmes. It is well known what a ready welcome Mendelssohn had for any composers whose works in any way deserved it. Thus, in that winter, or rather in the second half of it, many novelties were produced. Kalliwoda conducted one of his symphonies (in B minor) which met with a very favourable reception. Kittl's "Jagd-Symphonie," which had been given in Paris with some success, was performed in the presence of the composer, who introduced himself as a humble amateur. We also had one by the composer of the "Last Judgment," the old Dessauer, as Friedrich Schneider was often called. Schubert's great C major Symphony made such a powerful impression that it was put down in the programme a second time. However, it had hardly begun when the public took fright at a false alarm of fire, and fled. Afterwards it was played at the end of the last concert with much fire, and no alarm. I also heard there, for the first and last time in my life, a symphony by Vogler. Amongst the overtures, Rietz's in A major especially deserves mention, having become one of the best known works of that composer. I happened to be with Mendelssohn at the moment when he got the score. He had known this excellent composition at Düsseldorf, and was greatly delighted with the successful alterations which had been made in it, probably by his own advice. He soon found a publisher for it, and was immensely excited at being able to send the news to Rietz in his musical solitude at Düsseldorf. At one of the first concerts which I went to, a half improvised performance of the four Leonora-Fidelio Overtures took place. The first and second were in the programme—the latter, then unpublished, being given for the first time; it was received with great enthusiasm, and encored, upon which Mendelssohn gave the third, the greatest and best known; and later in the concert, some instrumental solo having been omitted, he also gave the fourth, the overture to "Fidelio," in E. This wonderfully interesting conjunction of these four masterpieces was all the more charming for its not having been pre-arranged.

Amongst his choral works I must spe-

cially mention the splendid Psalm, "When Israel out of Egypt came," the first performance of which took place on New Year's Day in 1840. The first movements of it are certainly among the noblest of Mendelssohn's compositions, and will always hold their own against the most important things which our art has produced. Neither the novelty of the work, nor the presence of the composer could add to its merit, but they certainly heightened the impression, and it need not be said that its reception was enthusiastic. I also have a very vivid remembrance of the performance of a capital Finale from Cherubini's "Abencerrages." Mendelssohn had taken great pains to get it from the directors of the Berlin Opera.

The solo vocal music at a great number of the concerts was sustained by a charming young Belgian lady, Mdle. Elise Meerti, and later on by the well-known Sophie Schloss. All manner of Cavatinas out of unknown Italian Operas (which the public of course enjoyed extremely) had to be scored for the Gewandhaus concerts, and to our great delight were so well done by a very clever copyist that they only required slight revision from Mendelssohn before performance. We used often secretly to chuckle over some of the rather bold orchestral effects which our poor copyist, at sixpence a sheet, had successfully ventured upon.

The instrumental solos were endless, and many of them capital. Mendelssohn played his D minor Concerto for the first time; David and Ernst, Eckert (now Capellmeister at Berlin), Kalliwoda, and many others, contributed violin solos. One of the pianoforte performances I must mention, because of, or rather in spite of, my having a share in it. Felix and I were to play Mozart's E flat Concerto for two pianos, and had prepared the Cadenza for the first movement in the following manner. I was to begin extemporizing and make a pause on some chord of the seventh—Mendelssohn was then to continue from there, and pause on another chord which we had fixed upon,—for the finish he had written a few pages for both instruments together, now relieving one another, now uniting, till the Tutti. The thing succeeded perfectly, and the audience, most of whom could not make out how we had managed it, applauded enthusiastically.

There were besides, performances on the cello, the clarinet, the horn, the bas-

soon, the trombone, and even the musical-glasses. The public were much more tolerant about such things at that time than now, when the pianoforte, the violin, and cello have almost exclusive command of the concert-rooms. No doubt this is advantageous to the programmes, but by no means so to the orchestras, as it entirely deprives the wind-instrument players of the opportunity of gaining a little extra honour and extra pay. Thus it has come about that our much-vaunted improvement in executive music can only be called real with respect to the string instruments. And the preference which in modern music is given to the brass is likely to make the performance of works by the old masters more and more difficult. But I am digressing, and must return to Leipsic.

The interest of the Quartet-Evenings which Ferdinand David had carried on for some years past was greatly heightened this winter by Mendelssohn's co-operation. He often played at them, and his rendering of Mozart's and Beethoven's compositions was incomparably beautiful; we also sometimes played four-hand things, and especially made a great sensation with Mozart's Variations in G. But what I remember most distinctly was Mendelssohn's playing of Bach's Chromatic Fantasia; it was quite overwhelming and he was obliged to go back to the piano; he then improvised, combining in the cleverest way a theme of Bach's with his own well-known "Song without Words" in E (No. 1, Bk. 1)—thus uniting past and present into something new and difficult to describe. David was no less many-sided in his way—besides the three great quartet writers he favoured us with Spohr, Onslow, Mendelssohn, as well as Schubert, then little known as a quartet composer. I must also make particular mention of the fact that this winter he brought before the public the Chaconne of Bach, since so much played. Mendelssohn accompanied it *ad libitum* on the piano, and the thing made a great impression. The public were also immensely delighted one evening to see Mendelssohn and Kalliwoda playing the violas in Spohr's double quartet and Mendelssohn's octet. Mendelssohn never touched a stringed instrument the whole year round—but if wanted, he could do it, as he could so many other things.

Nor must I forget, for the sake of that clever artist's friends, that during this winter young Verhulst, who was in some

measure a pupil of Mendelssohn's, earned his first spurs as conductor of the "Euterpe" concerts. At these he gave a number of very promising large choral works of his own composition.

This winter was remarkable for the appearances of some of the most brilliant players. First of all Ernst, then at the summit of his talent, and enchanting the whole world. Mendelssohn was very fond of him. Ernst told me one day, almost with emotion, how at the time of his concerts in the Königstädter Theatre at Berlin, he was very much pressed one morning in Mendelssohn's presence to put down his "Elégie" in the programme again, though he had already played it I don't know how many times. When Mendelssohn also began urging him to do it, Ernst answered in fun: "If you will accompany me I will;" and Mendelssohn in fact made his appearance on the "Königstädter" stage, accompanied the "Elégie," and disappeared. It was not only their beloved violins which united David and Ernst, but also the beloved game of whist. I certainly believe that neither of them ever played the violin so late into the night as they did whist. It was harmless enough, and good and bad jokes played just as great a part in it as the cards.

Towards the spring Liszt arrived in Leipsic fresh from his triumphs at Vienna and Prague, and revolutionized the quiet town. It will be remembered that in Paris he had excited Mendelssohn's highest admiration. At his first concert, as he glided along the platform of the orchestra to the piano, dressed in the most elegant fashion, and as lithe and slender as a tiger-cat, Mendelssohn said to me: "There's a novel apparition, the virtuoso of the 19th century." I need hardly describe the impression made by his playing. When he played Schubert's "Erlkönig" half the people stood on their chairs. The Lucia-Fantasia turned everybody's head. With some other pieces, however, he was less successful—for instance, with Mendelssohn's D minor Concerto, which had just appeared, and which he could neither read at sight nor find time to study with any care, so that people thought that the composer played it better himself. His performance of a part of the Pastoral Symphony in the same room where it had so often been heard with all its orchestral effects also did not meet with general approval. In the preface to his arrangement of the Beethoven Symphonies Liszt boldly de-

clares that every effect can be reproduced on the modern piano. When Mendelssohn read this he said: "Well, if I could only hear the first eight bars of Mozart's G minor Symphony, with that delicate figure in the tenors, rendered on the piano as it sounds in the orchestra,—I would believe it."

It may easily be imagined that Liszt was fêted to the very utmost. Mendelssohn arranged a grand soir  e at the Gewandhaus to which upwards of two hundred people were invited. It was partly a *conversazione*, partly a concert. I had the honour of taking part in a performance of Bach's concerto for three pianos. I myself entertained Liszt at a rather solemn dinner on the first floor of a fashionable hotel, and invited all the heads of the musical societies in the place to meet him. Some time afterwards, when we were talking over these heroic social deeds of ours, Mendelssohn was infinitely amused at hearing that my somewhat obscure f  te, which had included such a small number of people, cost me much more than his grand demonstration. He had such a childishly na  ve and good-natured way of laughing at anything of that sort, and really was never so pleasant as when he could be making a little fun of something or other.

At the last of the Gewandhaus Concerts I conducted my oratorio, the "Destruction of Jerusalem." I had sent Mendelssohn a finished sketch of it in the foregoing summer, and he at once took the warmest interest in it; it was certainly owing to his influence that, though the score was not yet even written, the oratorio should have been accepted for performance by the directors of the concerts. In the putting together of the words there was a great deal with which we were neither of us satisfied. One day he took the book of words home with him, and surprised me in the kindest way on Christmas Eve with a fresh and complete copy of it. I need not explain how useful his severe critical remarks were to my composition. One day when I thanked him he said: "I only show you what you would have found out for yourself in a few months." The oratorio had a very warm reception; but what gave me most pleasure was Mendelssohn's entire satisfaction. He sat amongst the audience with C  cile, and told me what pleasure he had felt not only in my music but also in the correct judgment of his wife, who had always picked out the best things. He also ad-

mitted that the work had a very peculiar colouring, and I only refer to this now because it has sometimes been spoken of as an imitation of the "Elijah," which was only completed six years later.

In the course of that winter Mendelssohn published a number of things, and amongst others his D minor trio. He went on correcting and altering it up to the last minute, and many of the plates had to be engraved over again. He also composed a good many new things. But what occupied him most of all was the "Hymn of Praise" which he had undertaken to compose for the celebration of the discovery of printing, in June 1840. How he managed to work in midst of so many distractions it would be difficult to imagine but for his wonderful mental equanimity. In general he was completely master of his powers, though I do not mean to say that he could or would have composed at any moment—but he certainly often did so when one would least have expected it. "When I go into a painter's studio," he once said to me, "I am often envious. It must be too nice to live all day entirely for one's work, as they do. But our independent way of spending our time has a great charm about it too." Of this independence he made the greatest use, and probably never spent his time alike two days running. One afternoon I found him particularly cheerful, and he said to me: "I have had such a satisfactory morning: I have been playing a great deal, all sorts of people's music, and yours too, and I have also been composing and writing. I mean to do this every day now!" And yet he hardly managed to do it a second time. It was his correspondence which actually took up most of his time. He must have written an incredible number of letters. But it was a pleasure to him to be in such general requisition, and he never complained of it. Everything he did he strove to do in the most perfect manner possible, down to the smallest details, and it was the same with his correspondence. It was delightful to watch him folding up a letter with the utmost care, and sealing it with evident satisfaction. Anyhow, he could always be certain of giving pleasure with it. Whatever hard work he had before him it never prevented him from occupying himself with something else up to the last minute. How often when I called for him to go to a concert where he had to play and conduct I would find him, in full dress, sitting quietly at the



writing-table ! It was just because he felt so secure in all that he did.

"How would you translate this?" he asked me one evening, and then read me a line out of one of Dante's Sonnets. His uncle Joseph (the eldest son of Moses Mendelssohn, who dedicated his "Morgenstunden" to him), a very highly-gifted man, and devoted to his latest years to study and self-culture, had sent him several of Dante's Sonnets from the "Vita Nuova," begging him to translate them for him in the form of the original. The nephew set to work with feverish eagerness, and as far as I could judge succeeded admirably. But after all he got more vexation than pleasure from it, for the old gentleman, with an uncle's want of consideration, had meanwhile made use of some other version, and Felix did not even get a word of thanks, whereat he greatly complained. I take this opportunity of saying that I feel sure that Felix must have written a considerable number of lyrical poems, though I do not know if he told his friends of it. If this be true, we may surely hope that a future time may bring them to light. They would certainly not be without some merit. Another partly literary work which occupied my friend for some time was an address to the King of Saxony. A sum of 20,000 thalers had been bequeathed to the King by a Leipsic gentleman, with the request that he would devote it to some artistic purpose. In conjunction with Von Falkenstein, then "Kreis director," now Minister, Mendelssohn drew up the plan for the organization of a Conservatoire, to which he added an entreaty that the King would devote the money to the foundation of the institution. It is well-known that the Leipsic Conservatorium was opened in the year 1843, that Mendelssohn laboured enthusiastically for it, and that this school contributed greatly in the progress of musical life in Leipsic. It was equally Mendelssohn's doing that Hauptmann and Moscheles were appointed to posts there.

One evening I found Felix deep in the Bible. "Listen," he said; and then he read to me, in a gentle and agitated voice, the passage from the First Book of Kings, beginning with the words, "And behold, the Lord passed by." "Would not that be splendid for an oratorio?" he exclaimed — and it did become part of the "Elijah."

In the midst of the manifold occupations and social meetings which he gladly

took part in, and which he graced by his talent and his brilliant conversation, there would come days of exhaustion, even of depression. At such times visits from his friends, foremost among whom were David and Dr. Schleinitz, would always do him good. Sometimes also he would amuse himself with doing little water-colour sketches — or he would read some poem of Goethe's, for instance "Hermann and Dorothea," or "Iphigenie." The first of these he was especially fond of, and he would go into raptures over the deep feeling which penetrates the most insignificant things in this wonderful work. He said one day that the line, "Und es lobte darauf der Apotheker den Knaster" was enough to bring tears into one's eyes. He would also get out Jean Paul sometimes, and revel in his humour; one evening he read aloud to me out of Siebenkäs for at least an hour. But sleep was always his best cure. Several times I found him lying on the sofa before dinner, ready dressed, having been asleep for hours, after which he would awake with a capital appetite. A quarter of an hour after he would say with the air of a spoiled child, "I am still quite tired;" would lie down again, saying how delicious it was, stretch himself out, and in a few minutes be fast asleep again. "He can go on in that way for two days," Cécile said to me, "and then he is fresher than ever." Nature supplied him with the best cure — but unhappily it could not remain so always.

For his birthday we arranged a joke with which he was immensely delighted. The first occasion for it arose from the fact that his wife and her sister and myself were of the same nation, the free town of Frankfurt being our common native-place. I wrote a little piece, or rather a couple of scenes, in Frankfurt dialect, giving myself the part of the now typical "Hampelmann,"\* Madame Mendelssohn was to represent my wife, and her sister my daughter. The story was somewhat slight, and ran as follows: — Fräulein Hampelmann is a very passionate lover of music, and in the first scene expresses a great wish to have pianoforte lessons from the celebrated Mendelssohn in Leipsic. After much discussion the papa is gained over, and the family prepare for the journey. The second scene opens in Mendelssohn's study, where he was represented by David with inimitable

\* "Hampelmann" is the name of the typical Frankfurt burgher, a favourite character in farces.

drollery. The costume was true to life, being the very coat which Mendelssohn wore at home, and he managed in all sorts of delightful ways to caricature our friend's movements and manner of speaking. The Hampelmann family are introduced to him, and very politely received. After some conversation Fräulein Hampelmann is made to play, and then Mendelssohn is at last induced to improvise, and this David did in the funniest way, imitating Mendelssohn in his movements more than in his thoughts. Finally this good-natured, but not very artistic family, is sent home again in the most civil manner possible. I had made the Hampelmann ladies, in their excessively limited knowledge of musical matters, say all manner of malicious things, which were taken up as agreeably as they were harmlessly meant.

When our life had become a little quieter so that we often spent the evenings at home, Mendelssohn proposed that we should improvise on given poems. We read and played in turns, each declaiming for the other, and found it a most amusing and exciting pastime. Heaven only knows how many poems of Schiller, Goethe, and Uhland had to serve us for musical illustrations. After one of my improvisations Mendelssohn said to me, "I can't imagine how you can ever for a moment feel any doubt about your musical gifts;" and these words often afterwards in sad moments rung with consolation in my ears. During my subsequent stay in Dresden I had the opportunity of continuing this practice with my friend Edward Devrient, who perhaps declaimed better than any one else, certainly more musically. In this way we could give great pleasure, and as an amusing social diversion, I have often, even up to the present time, amused myself over this game with some friend or other, and it always recalls the happy times when we first began it.

We had many serious conversations together that winter, and I very much regret that I did not note down some of my friend's sayings. But when one is living in affluence one does not easily think of putting by. A few things which I happen to remember may find room here. After the performance of a most prosaic symphony, which met with a very cold reception, he said to me, "We have successfully conquered the Philistines now, but it remains to be seen whether our art be not still more threatened from the opposite direction." Once when I was speak-

ing of the happiness that lay in the conviction of so many people whom one highly esteemed being kindly disposed towards one, he grew very warm upon the subject, and said, "It is certainly the best thing that one has. When I am thoroughly dissatisfied with myself, I think of such and such a person who has shown himself a friend to me, and say to myself, 'You can't be in such a bad way, after all, if such men are fond of you.'" One day, speaking of his adherents and his opponents, he said that he could perfectly understand that certain musicians who took up a very stern line, considered him half a deserter, and so many of those of his compositions which met with most favour must appear to them frivolous, compared to former ones, so that they might say he had forsaken his better style. With all the earnestness of his character, it was especially disagreeable to him when people treated serious things with exaggeration. "I had a visit from a Belgian author this morning," he told me a few hours later; "the man really has an astounding flow of talk, and said several good things. But when he was gone, and I began to think it over, I found that it might have been expressed much better in the very simplest way—therefore why use such big words? why want to appear so deep?" It is this simplicity, always exemplified in his works, which makes them appear shallow to those people who take bombastic nonsense for depth. There is no shallowness to be found in Mendelssohn's works, but rather in those which are too shallow to contain the beauty of simplicity. Once at dinner, when we were talking about Beaumarchais' comedies, which he greatly admired, he said, "One really ought to have Beaumarchais;" so I got it for him and wrote inside it, "One really ought to have Beaumarchais (Mendelssohn's table talk)."

One peculiarity of his, which I have already alluded to, was his way of suddenly jumping to something very comic or very serious in the midst of a quiet conversation. One afternoon when we were lounging about in the promenades, he turned upon me all at once with the question: "Do you believe in the progress of humanity?" "How, in what way do you mean?" I said, with some surprise. "Well," he answered, "I don't speak of machines, and railways, and all those things, but I ask if you think that mankind becomes better and more remarkable as time goes on?" I do not

now remember what conclusion we came to.

It was always from the way in which he had been *taught* that he drew his reasons for everything which he did, or did not do. In his scores for choruses he used the C clef, keeping the alto part also in the soprano clef. This rather bothered me, and I once reproached him for the inconsistency of such a proceeding, upon which he answered, "You are perfectly right, but it is not my fault. It was Zelter's way, and I accustomed myself to it from the very first." His lovely musical handwriting he said he owed to his friend Rietz the violinist, who died young, and was the elder brother of Julius Rietz, the Concert-meister. He sometimes told me about his studies with Zelter, and how they were generally carried on peripatetically in the garden behind his father's house. What he told me of them confirmed me in the opinion which Marx expressed as follows: "When Zelter became Mendelssohn's master, he merely put a fish into the water, and let it swim away as it liked." With all his love for his old master, the remembrance of the following fact always made him angry. Some years before Felix's birth, his father, who was a friend of Zelter's, gave the latter a great quantity of Bach's Cantatas in the original manuscripts; and when Felix became his pupil, Zelter used sometimes to take him to the closet where these treasures were stored up, and show them to him, saying, "There they are; just think of all that is hidden in there!" But poor Felix, though he thirsted for these costly treasures, was never once allowed to look inside them, and taste them. Anyhow, these things would have been better cared for in Mendelssohn's hands than in Zelter's.

Mendelssohn was very fond of repeating any funny expression or word over and over again till it became a joke. As in former years he had amused himself with calling me "Old Drama," so now during this winter, for a long time, he always addressed me with the words, "Hail, Zedekiah!" out of a chorus from the "Destruction of Jerusalem." Or else it would be a passage out of some pianoforte piece which he liked, and which he would always be bringing up again, and playing to me when it was furthest from my thoughts.

I also have pleasant recollections of the walks which we often took with David, on clear, cold days, far out into the Rosenthal. We used to stop at one of the

cafés there, and Mendelssohn would indulge in his latest, but as I believe, very passing, passion for billiards. Whether he was as clever at that as at anything else I could not judge, for though I lived for years in the land of billiards, I knew nothing of the game.

It may seem strange that I should not have mentioned Schumann, whom Mendelssohn thought so highly of, but at that time he lived in greater retirement than usual, and hardly ever left his room. His paper, his songs, but above all his future marriage with Clara Wieck, completely occupied him; his bride came but seldom to Leipsic that winter, but a few years afterwards at Dresden I enjoyed a great deal of pleasant and intimate intercourse with the famous pair.

Every one knows how happy Mendelssohn was at home. His beautiful, gentle, sensible wife spread a charm over the whole household, and reminded one of a Rafael Madonna. Little Carl, the eldest child, amused us intensely with his first attempts at speaking. Cécile's family, charming people, were in and out all day, and the whole atmosphere was a sort of rivalry of amiability and affection, — it was altogether a period of happiness which falls to the share of but few mortals. We laughed much when Cécile told us how as she came out of a concert at the Gewandhaus she had heard two women close by her talking about her and pitying her because "her husband was so cruel, inhuman, and barbarous to her!"

All this time, though I was very much occupied with my work, and looking forward with anxiety to the first performance of the oratorio, I could feel and enjoy to the utmost the happiness which Mendelssohn's affection and esteem imparted to me. And at last, when my labours were crowned by an entirely unbiassed success, the concluding days of my stay in Leipsic became some of the happiest in my life. On the 2nd of April, 1840, the "Destruction of Jerusalem" was performed for the first time at a concert given at the Gewandhaus for the benefit of the poor. The chorus and orchestra were capital; Frau Livia Frege, whose lovely and expressive singing can never be forgotten by any who had the good fortune to hear her, Fräulein Sophie Schloss, with her fine sympathetic voice, the clever tenor, Schmidt, and a very cultivated amateur baritone, undertook the solos. The audience was most enthusiastic, and next morning the amiable pub-

lisher, Kistner, secured the work as his property—what more could I want? I returned full of gratitude to my native town, which I had left with such a sad heart, and from there went on to Italy, where my bride awaited me.

From Temple Bar.  
CHINESE DOMESTIC LIFE.

"Of course you will stay on Shameen?" said a friend of mine one day in Hong Kong, as we discussed my journey to Canton, distant about a day's voyage by the Pearl River. She further explained to my interrogation that Shameen was a few acres of island rock ceded to the British by China after the taking of Canton; and although the rest of the city is open to foreigners, it is yet considered the correct thing to live on Shameen, which is as far removed from any converse with Canton as St. James's from St. Giles's. The "of course" in the sentence quite decided me not to stop on Shameen. I wanted to study the Cantonese, and not the Shameenese. Thus it fell out one evening at sundown, under a ruddy after-glow, which transformed the scene to the resemblance of the last tableau in some delusive pantomime, I was ushered into my Chinese abode at Canton, over an arched bridge, which I attained from some outbuildings or structures—I scarcely know what name to give them. The bridge spanned—or rather failed at the last extremity to span—a creek or one of the fifty branches of the Pearl River in which Canton is situated. Arrived at my side of the bridge, I had to make a good spring to land on a balcony of my house, one of the many with which all Chinese habitations are adorned.

The only other entrance (except for birds or fish) were some very shiny steps upon the other side of the dwelling, submerged at high tide by the Pearl River. Here the fish swam in, and were frequently stranded. They were "mud fish," of a peculiar flavour, but delicious eating. The birds entered through the apertures for doors and window frames, for with actual doors to open and windows to shut the Cantonese dispense themselves. They place a large screen before the doorway, which gives privacy sufficient for their need. The window-sashes are closed either by a sort of jalousie or thin matting. They do not

surround their domesticities with the same mystery and secret precautions with which we envelop these proceedings in Europe. Human nature, they argue, has to sleep, and here is the mat upon which it stretches itself. Why conceal it? It also wants to eat, and it satisfies its appetite, no matter how many eyes are gazing. Tell a Chinese cook you are hungry, and he will immediately fetch his fire, his cooking utensils, his provisions, and cook under your very nose. He has no idea of concealing his operations in some far-away back region, yelect kitchen. He squats down anywhere, makes a fire on or in anything: a basin, dish, pan, or pot—there is no limit to his invention. He will cook in the middle of the street, or in the centre of his guests in a restaurant. Upon one occasion, when on board a junk, I observed a man cooking his own and his neighbour's food for days together in a tub, and an earthenware saucer containing the charcoal. Wonderful creatures they are, these despised Chinese, with a deftness of finger and ingenuity and patience unsurpassed by any nation under the sun! To return to the bridge of the willow pattern architecture, by which, as I have said, I entered my dwelling. The first thing which took me by surprise and completely overwhelmed my senses was the variety of odours, smells, stenches, scents which assailed me in the various chambers—no, that is a misnomer; I do not believe there is such a thing as a chamber in China. But different localities, such as north, south, east, and west of my domicile, were all characterized by different smells. For instance, crossing the bridge and the verandah contiguous, I was fain to shudder under an effluvium which penetrated my whole being with the unmistakable essence of putrid fish.

Escaping from this with the utmost celerity, and resolving to give it a wide latitude for the future, I hurried southward. Here was a compartment which, besides six window apertures, three door ditto, had two large square holes in the ceiling, which I ascertained were for admitting a ladder to ascend into the attic. I was once more permeated with a delicious sense of breathing existence in an atmosphere redolent with perfume of spices wafted, it might be, from Araby the Blest. So it seemed to me, after the nausea of the bridge apartment. Here I pitched my tent, or, to speak more literally, my blankets, mats, pillow, wraps, and general belongings; and here pres-



ently arrived my cook, and commenced operations upon a young pig which he was about to roast in my bed-room. It would have taken a long time to make him comprehend my objections, but fortunately I had a factotum, undertaking the multifarious duties of valet, chambermaid, courier, interpreter, footman, chair-bearer, seamstress, laundress. Aa-Sing was his name, and he was the most valuable servant I ever had; and only for the difficulty of his tail, which would have caused continual merriment in Europe, but which Chinese have an insuperable objection to cut off, I should have imported him. Poor Aa-Sing! his only fault was, as a clear-starcher he used to starch my stockings, and if I had had a new bonnet, he would have contrived his best to make it look exactly like the old one, such a positive dislike have Chinese for any change whatever. If you like a feather in the front of your hat, they say, wear it there, of course; but what reason can you have for placing it at the back next month, or at the side the following year? But upon other matters apart from millinery Aa-Sing and myself were of one mind, and we soon hoisted the cook elsewhere; for here was a space which smelt deliciously, and to have this perfume commingled even with the odour of roast pig seemed a profanation. The cook went off grumbling, and whether he took himself on to the bridge or the steps I was not interested to know, but I believe he burnt the pig out of spite. The front of my house overhung the Pearl River, and was overshadowed by an immense gnarled tree, whose roots might have been in my bed-room, or parlour, or verandah, for aught I could discover. Although I studied the intricacy for many a day, I never found out from where it drew its sustenance. It burst out from the walls and stones in all directions, flourishing green, bright, and cheerful, and useful too, for I often caught by its branches to steer myself on to the landing when entering my house from the river side, which I usually did. It was, I understood, a sacred *bo* tree of Buddha, and as there was a temple hard by, it was just possible that the mother root had her domicile of origin in the holy precincts—such a distance do these trees extend, and so peculiar are they for growing ostensibly without soil. Through its leafy shade what a wondrous scene was presented to me! To a person with eager susceptibilities and keen observant faculties, the first entrance into China

proper is enough to cause temporary aberration of mind. All the senses are suddenly attacked by such outrageous incongruities—novel sensations which in his philosophy he has never dreamed of. He is induced to doubt the intelligence he receives through them—to believe rather that he is dreaming, champagne, mesmerized, illusionized in some way.

Having already seen the greater portion of the earth's surface, I was yet taken quite aback by the startling contrasts and marked differences. Still more wonderful must appear these singular features to one accustomed to a narrow margin of men and things. The very mountains and hills on the Pearl River stood out in such unwonted outline, that I had constantly to place my fingers on my eyes to give them the chance of correcting any optical delusion they might have made. Moreover, the olfactory nerves are constantly on the inquirendo. Pish! laugh! What on earth is that? Surely nothing on this planet ever smelt so badly! Cologne, with its thirty-six different stench, is a bower of roses as compared with Canton. Yet more dire perplexities await the auricular organs. They are so barbarously tested, that they come to the point of doubting their own sanity, so terrible are the discordant sounds which clash and jangle on the tympanum. The Chinese talking is a series of hard sounds, jerks, digs, and snaps. The sneezed aspirates S, T, Z make one's flesh creep. Quarrelling is indescribably overpowering, and makes one's blood—though no coward—curdle to water, so ferociously bitter are the shrill sounds emitted. Yet still there is a more terrible ordeal to come—Chinese music. It is simply odious and revolting to every feeling of harmony, melody, sympathetic cadence, or dulcet sound of any description suggested by musical nature. It is nasal, screeching, yowling, mee-mawing, wailing—every sound excruciating to ears refined. Two tom cats encountering on a midnight prow, are faint though truthful illustrations of that fearful rending of the air. Add to that an enraged turkey-cock viewing red, an indignant gander, two pea-fowls, and a bewildered donkey, doubtful about most things in life and his next supper especially, and you will have the chromatic scale of Chinese music. Whether Chinese are endowed by Providence with sonorous bass voices, sympathetic baritones, or thrilling sensational tenors, I do



not know: I never heard anything but falsetto, and that of the most agonizing quality—more or less husky, more or less shrill.

Having once obtained a *pied-à-terre* in Canton, I was enabled through the kindness of British merchants and residents to be introduced to some of the high mandarins and chief families of the city. And once received inside the mansion, I had to trust to my own audacity and *savoir-faire* for my introduction to the ladies of the establishment, as it was not etiquette to admit gentlemen within their precincts. Having become familiar with Eastern manners in Asiatic Turkey, I did not experience the insuperable embarrassment which I might have done if fresh from Europe. Sometimes in these adventures it was no easy matter, I may say, to unearth the ladies—so many dark passages, closets, chapels, fish-ponds, bridges, corridors of flower-pots. I was often fain to attach myself to some feminine servant or child, to be conveyed to where the head wife held her court—usually a large hall or verandah, unless she chanced to be asleep in a cupboard. Once in the presence of the mandarin's wife, I was received with the politeness of a well-bred gentlewoman, placed on the seat of honour, which resembles an English sideboard with the legs cut short, and peculiarly uncomfortable to sit upon, and immediately entertained with tea and sweatmeats. There was no awkward surprise or embarrassment evinced at my unexpected visit. If I had dropped from the moon it would have been all the same; they would have received me with the same placidity. I was a stranger and a guest, and therefore must receive hospitality, and although never coolly reserved or distant, we always ended by becoming quite intimate friends. I noticed that however quietly I chanced to get into the ladies' apartments, the event flew like lightning, or probably telegraphic fingers, through the whole feminine household, and every aperture through which I was visible was speedily crowded with dark unwinking eyes. But though they were dying of curiosity, the ladies receiving me expressed nothing of it. There was no hurry or flurry to get up a "company style;" no attempt to stow ugly articles out of the way, and to look as though such dainty eyes had never dwelt upon aught that was coarse or vulgar. Chinese have not arrived at the point of civilization which engenders "company manners." A strange mysteri-

ous creature I must have appeared to them, coming suddenly amongst them with my *sagou* complexion, outlandish, absurdly complicated European dress, all ends and bows and fringes, and buttons and hooks and strings. When we became more familiar, and I exhibited my finery for their special delectation, their amazement knew no bounds. None of them then had ever seen a European lady *de près* before. They could not understand what was the use of ends which were not to be tied and buttons which were not to button. The sham amused them immensely. But what shocked them was the waist and definition of the figure consequent upon encircling it. They consider this custom of ours as outrageous both modesty and health, and were as much scandalized at my waistband as an assembly of British matrons would be at the little shoe which holds in unnatural bonds the distorted Chinese foot. By a little ruse I got the better of them, for Chinese are very much smaller women than European, five feet being more than the average height; consequently I fastened my *ceinture* easily round any of them, except one pudgy old lady, who puffed and gasped, and declared she was being suffocated whilst we tugged at the clasp.\* The variety and shape of my garments were a source of marvel to them, and the number a matter of contempt (yet I had only thirty-five, the smallest number a lady can appear dressed in). My jewelry they invariably pronounced bad gold! for the Chinese use the pure ore, without alloy, and their ornaments have that tender beautiful colour known as "virgin gold."

Nevertheless, they had all the "woman's fancy" for "trying on," and it was a curious spectacle to behold a score of Chinese women each sporting some article of European attire, laughing and enjoying the fun equally with the children, of whom there was always a large gathering. The great dearth seemed to me to be of young ladies, such as would be most prominent in a European household. Here they were either little girls or decidedly married-looking women, appearing much older than they were. In fact, one rarely sees *girls* in China, unless it be the *sailor girls*. They marry so young, that they appear to spring from childhood to maturity without any intermediate stage of girlhood. There appears to be

\* Upon my return to civilization I found the fashions had returned to the *premier empire*, and the figure not tightened, but rather the reverse.

no "blushing fifteen" or "sweet seventeen," no dreamy, romantic years of love and poetry, no flirtations, no balls, no picnics, no *billets-doux*—no nothing, in fine. The child has not ceased to play with her doll before she has a baby to dandle, and surely then her trouble begins! I never could find out precisely what was the great joy of a Chinese woman's life; but I think it must be "dressing her hair." This is done with an elaborate artistic science curious to see. This hair-dressing is the woman's accomplishment; a man would be considered quite out of place—and I think they are right. Their hair is invariably black, and very long. It is drawn back tightly from the face, and stiffened with a gum made from a certain kind of wood. It is piled up in a wonderful pyramid of bows, loops, wings, twists, leaves, flowers, rolls, all so stiff that they stand alone without the aid of pads, roulets, puffs, or hair-pins. Not a single hair is astray, the whole highly polished, or, I should say, veneered, which keeps it smooth for nearly a week, when the fabric is taken down and remodelled. "How do they sleep?" asks a curious reader. I reply, Quaker fashion, "How did our great-grandmothers sleep when they wore those immense busbies on their heads?" I presume they had a pillow made on purpose. The Chinese ladies have a small leather pillow, which fits underneath the back of the neck, and keeps the head in a settled position. Others have a case or box, in which they put the whole head comfortably, and which protects the coiffure from being disordered. It is, *par excellence*, the most intricate structure that could be made with hair, and when adorned with real flowers and gems is both an elegant and imposing head-dress—when badly arranged is stiff and ungainly. I underwent the process of stiffening, combing, plastering, and building up more than once, for the gratification of my lady friends. When completed, my head looked like a bundle of shavings, which evinced a remarkably pertinacious dislike to stick up; and such an unadmirable colour did it assume under the varnish that it was seriously proposed to dye it black. On the other hand, my drawing and writing were highly appreciated, as these are men's accomplishments. Few women are taught to read or write, whereas nearly every boy is instructed by the monks in reading and handling the paint-brush, with which they form their calligraphy. I was surprised to find in

this so-called benighted country that even the coolie chair-bearers could read, while at home few cabmen were so advanced. This education is insisted upon by government, merely for the purposes of their trade, and not for any abstract idea of acquiring knowledge. If a boy displays quickness at his books he does not necessarily aspire to become a clerk instead of a coolie, as in Europe, which in the sequel would leave the world without manual workers at all. For it is simpler for a boy to learn reading, writing and arithmetic than a good trade and by the time the whole of the working population is educated we shall find ourselves, like the Americans, obliged to import labourers annually—but from where? Ireland cannot produce labourers forever, nor Germany either, and it would be curious to see, in fifty years hence, Chinese coolies in England.

There were no spinsters in China except the nuns, who dedicated their virginity to Buddha. These ladies shave their heads like the Buddhist priests, and thus deprive themselves of the only sign of gender—the hair dressed *à la* teapot. I paid them a visit in an old tumble-down convent, more intricate of navigation than even the mandarins' labyrinth-like palaces. Yet, strange to say, into this nunnery a gentleman friend had the *entrée*. I also noticed that the nuns had male servants, as in every establishment in China, even European. For although one may obtain a woman to nurse a baby, or even, under pretence of tending a lady, get a woman to squat on the floor of a sick-room, it is very rarely you can induce them to do any work whatever. A nurse employed by a friend of mine refused to carry the baby out of doors or roll it in the perambulator, and a coolie had to be engaged for the purpose. The great business of the nuns is to do the praying for the female portion of sinners. They visit the sick, and perform ceremonies over them which are considered alike beneficial for this world and the next—a sort of Buddhist "extreme unction." These women are reared and brought up for the priesthood, like the vestal virgins of the Romans.

This being the case, I could not account for their singular ugliness. Perhaps it was the shaven head which made them so unprepossessing, and which conveyed the impression, in spite of my knowledge to the contrary, that they were lunatics. However, they received me with the same gracious civility as their

handsome lay sisters, and indulged in a thorough feast of curiosity over me. Nothing escaped them until they got hold of my purse, when they forthwith began to beg as hard for money as many religious Christian dames I wot of. "We are so poor," argued the abbess, a little old woman, crooked, gnarled, and round-headed like a knobstick; "and we cannot go out to beg like the monks, who get so much. Look at our best image of Buddha," she cried, dragging aside a battered curtain, "with his head knocked off!"

There he was, surely enough, holding his head on his lap. "Put it on again," I suggested, my organ of order being offended.

"It will not stick on," said the old abbess piteously, yet making the attempt, when the head niddle-noddled in a grotesque fashion. "Why will you not give enough to buy a new one? It was your own infidel cannon-balls, when the Fan Kwie shelled our city, that carried off the head of our richest and most beautiful Buddha! Ah! that was a dreadful time! You ought to give us money to compensate us." And the poor old lady clasped her hands and her long nails rattled like quills.

In truth the convent, besides its own natural dilapidation, bore marks of having stood the brunt of the shelling. I asked how they had managed during the firing? She told me they had crept into the foundations of the house and underground passages. There were a number of girls of various ages, all with the shaven head, all being trained for this religious life. One, quite a little toddler, a very baby, a miniature abbess, very droll to look upon, but of whom they all seemed very fond. I too was obliged to indulge the little one by giving her some small coin, though I had scrupulous doubts that they would be employed to mend or fasten Buddha's head again. Wandering through those ruined courtyards, temples, corridors, gardens, to note the strange, stagnant life of these nuns, I fell into a reverie which carried me back to a similar convent in Italy, where the nuns were as gnarled, mendicant, and bald (though not uncovered, for they belonged to the middle ages); farther still my vision seemed to travel, and behold two strange black figures, with coal-scuttle bonnets, trudging along the populous streets of London, pointed at and jeered by rude boys as they passed from door to door soliciting alms. The whole scheme of religious institutions became connected

as one. The same principle had developed the Buddhist abbess four hundred years before Christ, the Italian monastery as long after, and the English "sister of mercy" of the nineteenth century—nature repeating herself over and over again, only under different names. Yet if the modern ritualist sister could see herself on the same level with the sister of China, she would be utterly shocked at the bald pate, whilst the ancient Asiatic votary would be appalled by the coal-scuttle bonnet. Thus we make fierce wars for the length or depth of a garment, and shed human blood for the colour of a vestment or the placing of a candlestick!

I am sorry to have to add that these Chinese vestals, in common with their European sisters, are not free from the shafts of malice and scandal. Very naughty stories are told of them. Poor things! I could not help feeling compassion for them, and half regretted that I did not assist them to a new Buddha. For what other joy could they have in life, since they had no hair to dress? It may be deemed a direct flying in the face of Providence to cut off a woman's hair, thus depriving her of one of the greatest pleasures she has in life. Look at the intense satisfaction of the Indian woman as she squats luxuriously, combing and twisting her raven locks. Look at the northern peasant girl as she shakes her golden wavy curls to the breeze, and sets a thousand sparks of sunlight scintillating round her head. Look at any girl sitting before her mirror twining her glossy ringlets, as they whisper all sorts of tender things to her finger ends. Chignons are a diabolical invention to deprive a woman of the natural pleasure Providence has bestowed upon her in arranging her own hair. For it stands to reason that we are none of us charitable enough to take the same pleasure in dressing our neighbour's hair, transplanted upon our own heads. Acting upon the widest hypothesis, all nuns from time immemorial, whose duty is to lead a life of mortification, begin by shaving their heads. No doubt, therefore, the image of the great Buddha was the sweet idol of the poor Buddhist nuns. I remember long ago an old Christian nun, who was a sort of *petite-mère* to me, and of whom I was very fond in my infancy, the great object of whose harmless, innocent life was the dressing and decorating of the image of the Virgin in a little chapel she was deputed to attend to.

She was as avaricious for flowers, or lace, or jewels, as any belle of the season. She took as much care of the Virgin's satins and velvets, mantles and skirts, as though she had been mistress of the robes to the Empress Eugénie, the best-dressed lady of our day. She would beg for a new diadem or *ceinture* with the same avidity that the Buddhist abbess prayed for a new head to her Buddha, and was quite envious of the magnificent silver candlesticks upon other altars. She was a little crooked-backed old woman, but she had a tender heart and great taste in decorating, and rather piqued herself upon it. "Though others might be richer," she would say, hers was the most tasteful Virgin. Thus a woman deprived of the natural objects of affection finds an object of interest in the representation of an ideal, and I verily believe that the poor old, bald, gnarled abbess at Canton had her heart broken when that gold and vermilion streaked Buddha's head was shot off.

Some Chinese compensate themselves for shaving the head by allowing their nails to grow to a terrible length. I noticed that Aa-Sing was carefully preserving one, about an inch and a half long, on his little finger, which did not need to be brought into play in his daily occupations. He seemed quite flattered that I observed what he considered a personal charm. He was emboldened to place a little confidence in me, and asked with considerable modesty if I would advance him a few dollars over and above what he was entitled to draw of his wages—that it would be a great favour, and he should do his best to satisfy me, as he hoped he had done hitherto. The fact was, he wished to take a wife, and the money was to make up her dower which he had to pay to her parent.

"Why, I thought you told me you were married, Aa-Sing!" I replied in astonishment, "and that your wife lived at Chan-Lon?"

"That is so," he answered simply; "but I have now an opportunity of getting one exceedingly cheap, and such a good chance might never occur again. Only forty dollars, madame, and she is everything that could be desired."

"But, Aa-Sing," I argued, "you do not want a wife just now; you will soon return to your home again."

"He reiterated the temptation of extreme cheapness, like a woman who sees a great bargain she does not require: 'She is so cheap! so cheap!'"

"What will your first wife say?" I persisted.

"Hah-yah!" he exclaimed, seizing upon this faint objection with avidity, and demolishing it at once, "she will say it is very cheap!"

I gave up the question and let him have the money.

He contrived to get married, during some leisure moment of my service without inconveniencing me at all. I saw his bright little wife soon after in spick and span new unmentionables and shirt, as blue as blue could be or as indigo could make them, and I confess that I had to come round to Aa-Sing's opinion that she was decidedly cheap and that he had got a bargain. Aa-Sing, in spite of the double encumbrance, remained as invaluable as ever, and confirmed my opinion that Chinese, when well trained, make the best servants I know. They have necessarily to be taught, and shown every act of European service, and that with great care and precision. Any mistake made will assuredly be repeated to the end of the chapter. For instance, if white wine were accidentally put into a claret-jug, you would certainly get your sherry in a claret-jug for the future. My host one day, from laziness, put the brandy into a sherry decanter. It was fatal from that time forward. We regularly had brandy served after soup, in spite of grimaces, exclamations and invectives of all kinds. Under my front verandah, as I have mentioned, ran the Pearl River, now floating my boat high enough for me to avoid the treacherous glutinous steps, anon ebbing, and leaving me a dainty draught of mollusca. This river is a study of human life unparalleled in Europe. Its numerous branches and creeks encircle and intersect Canton; meeting, dividing, spreading, like a lady's crochet pattern, each slip of water floating its quantum of boats of every description, from the warlike junk bristling with cannon, to a diminutive cockle-shell, where a mere baby paddled its own canoe. Chinese children are both waterproof and drowning-proof; I therefore disbelieve the libel that so much infanticide is committed by casting babies into the rivers, persuaded as I am that at no age would a Chinese infant consent to drown. Thousands of *sampans* are plying their oars or lying to, the homes of large families who pass their whole lives on that slender plank. The water baby opens its eyes upon the *sampan*, passes its watery youth there, is damply married there, and not



unfrequently goes from thence to a watery grave. Half a million of people are estimated to live upon the water in Canton alone; and there is in China and Cochin China what may be termed a water population, who live exclusively upon the rivers, even though their boats never stir from the same spot. I believe it would be possible to find a Chinese *land-sick*, as in contrast to our sea-sickness. These people rarely go ashore. Their occupation is on the water, their shops are floating. They earn their living as conveyances for men and material, like the Venetian gondolas, which they most resemble in construction though not in colour, and are often sculled in the same manner. They are inhabited, like a dwelling, frequently, by two or three generations. The family sleep under the awning and in the hold, thus forming a two-storey house. If any member goes on shore it is the *man*; he may be a coolie, a water-carrier, a fish-vendor; or keep a small shop; whilst his wife, mother, grandmother, children, man the boat. I have seen mere babies steer like any coxswain. There are to be seen the pretty sailor girls special to China. They are bright, saucy, robust-looking lasses; their black glossy hair cut short across the forehead, and tied up in a knot or plait behind. They wear neither shoes nor stockings, and their pretty little feet and ankles are among the most beautiful and attractive objects in Canton. They not only rowed, and sculled, and steered on that complicated mesh of craft, but managed their boats upon the wider portions of the river with the same agility as a man. This is one of the specialties and remarkable features of Canton, and of what, for lack of a better word, I must term the upside-downness of Chinese life. You find the men employed as chambermaids, seamstresses, embroideresses; whilst the women are sailors and boatmen. And this throughout; there is scarcely anything which they do not do the reverse of us. In salutation the Chinese shakes his own hind instead of his visitor's. In paying respect he puts his hat on, instead of taking it off. The very houses seem inside out. Wherever we begin at the top, they commence at the bottom. Their signboards are perpendicular instead of horizontal. Their ideas are also very much upon the same reverse scale. What is felony in Europe—plurality of wives—is highly proper in China, in fact a mark of distinction; and concubinage

no more a sin than it was in the days of Solomon. In fact, in households where I visited, I could not find out that it implied any disgrace. These women probably belonged to a lower class, at least, than the first wife, who is always of suitable rank. The only difference was, that she had not been carried home in state by her husband's relatives, which is the only marriage ceremony; and possibly he had got her without dower, she not having near relatives to exact it. But she eats the same, and her children share the benefits with the rest. She would not have as much authority as the upper wives, but her position had no opprobrium or degradation attached to it. Suicide also is reckoned perfectly honourable and justifiable if circumstances seem to demand it. Cross roads or refusal to bury would be deemed absurdities in China. Thus, it is night in one land, it is day in another, and what is crime in one hemisphere is virtue in another. Our world is a queer place turned topsyturvy.

To return to the wonderful river and the boats. They seem of endless variety; some, all covered, making a sort of travelling hotel, like the Dutch *trekschuiten*, or Egyptian Nile boats. They are the railroad cars of the country, like the American Pacific line. You are boarded, lodged, travelled, for so much per diem. They are generally manned by twenty or forty rowers, or polers, for many of the rivers are so shallow that poling and even pushing became necessary. The passengers are jammed in together like sardines (oil not excepted), unless there chances to be a mandarin on board, when he would invariably monopolize the boat with his wives and his retinue. Some of these boats are stationary, and serve the purposes of hotels, restaurants, &c. There are also boats painted and decorated in the most gorgeous style and tastefully adorned with flowers; whence they are called "flower boats," literally a floating garden. They have, in fact, the same reputation as the Jardin des Plantes in Paris or Vauxhall in London. There is also an amount of feasting done, and at night they are brilliantly illuminated with a myriad of tiny Chinese lanterns, which give them a fairy-like effect. Issuing from them may be heard the sounds of revelry, of laughter, and the shrill falsetto whine called music, far into the early hours of morning. The Chinese enjoy themselves by night. All their feasts and festivals are kept through the night, gen-



erally by moonlight; and although, when poor, he exists on a farthing's-worth of rice a day, yet when riches accumulate he becomes the most luxurious of sybarites, indulges freely in the most *recherché* delicacies of the table, like any Roman voluptuary becomes corpulent and phlegmatic.

Invited to a grand Chinese dinner, the hour named was 11 A.M. and the *locale* a boat. Having heard much of the obnoxious stuff I should have to eat, and been duly cautioned that I should be ill for at least a week afterwards, I intimated to a medical friend that I was about to "dine à la Chinoise," and should probably require his services that evening. He gave me the prescription, "Take a very little of each dish, and take a very long time about it." Of the latter I had no choice, for we began at eleven and did not conclude until half-past five. I felt a little squeamish but was not actually sick, and the doctor said I had the digestion of a horse.

To enumerate the dishes we ate and the prices paid for them would seem fabulous. We commenced with tea and finished with soup. Some of the intermediate dishes were shark's fin; birds' nests brought from Borneo (costing nearly a guinea a mouthful); fricassee of poodle, a little dog rather like a pig, except for its head; the fish of the *kouk* shell, an elastic substance like paxwax or india-rubber, which you might masticate but could not possibly mash; peacock's liver, very fine and *recherché*; putrid eggs, nevertheless very good; rice, of course; salted shrimps; baked almonds; cabbage in a variety of forms; green ginger; stewed fungi; fresh fish of a dozen kinds; onions *ad libitum*; salt duck cured like ham, and *pig* in every form, roast, boiled, fried; Fouchow ham, which seemed to me equal to Wiltshire. In fact, the Chinese excel in pork, but Europeans will rarely touch it, under the superstition that the pigs are fed on babies. Of course a pig will eat a baby, if it finds one, as it will devour a rattlesnake, but that does not prevent us eating American bacon, where the pigs run wild in the wood, and feed, from choice, upon any vermin they can find. When in the Southern States I got two magnificent rattlesnakes, and my pigs ate them both. That did not prevent the pigs being eaten in their turn; and I think I would as soon eat transmutation of baby flesh as of rattlesnake, especially the rattle. But I believe the whole to be a libel. The Chinese are most particular about their swine, and keep

them penned up in the utmost cleanliness and comfort, rivalling the Dutch in their scrubbing and washing. They grow whole fields of *taro* and herbs for their pigs, and I do not believe that one porker in a million ever tastes a baby. About two o'clock we rose from table, walked about, looked out of window. Large brass bowls were brought filled with hot water, and towels. Each one proceeded to perform ablutions, the Chinese washing their heads. After which refreshing operation we resumed our seats, and recommenced with another description of tea. Seven different sorts of *samshoo* we partook of, made from rice, from peas, from mangoes, cocoa-nut; all fermented liquors; and the mystery remained—that I was not inebriated. Perhaps it was following the doctor's advice, the length of time which elapsed, and the small quantities. The *samshoo* was drunk warm, in tiny cups, during the course of the dinner. The whole was cooked without salt, and tasted very insipid to me. The birds' nests seemed like glue or isinglass; but the cocks'-combs were palatable. The dog meat was like very delicate gizzard well stewed—a short close fibre and very tender. The dish which I fancied the most turned out to be *rat*; for upon taking a second help after the first taste I got the head, and I certainly felt rather sick upon this discovery. But I consoled myself by the remembrance that in California we used often to eat ground-squirrels, which are first cousins to the flat-tailed rats; and travellers who would know the world must go in boldly for manners and customs. We had tortoise and frogs; a curry of the latter was superior to chicken. We had fowls' hearts, and brains of some bird—snipe, I think. We had chow-chow of mangoes, *rambustan* preserved, salted cucumber, sweet potatoes, yams, *taro*, all sorts of sweets made from rice, sugar, and cocoanut. Every dish was separate. And the soup which terminated the repast was surely boiled tripe, or some interior arrangement, and I wished I had halted a little time ago. The whole was eaten with chop-sticks, or a spoon like a small spade or shovel. The sticks are made into a kind of fork by being held crosswise between the fingers.

I was the only lady—for it is not the usage for the sexes to meet together in society—I dined with the ladies, and was crammed in the same way, but with a larger admixture of fruits, sweets, and tea. Rice is the substitute for bread,

and poultry and pork for mutton and beef; though occasionally there is mutton and goat; beef very rarely, except for Europeans. The greater part of my time was spent upon the rivers; and a wonderful life it was. I went into all the back streets or creeks, and, with my five senses on the alert, examined everything I could.

The novelty, as I have remarked, was incessant and never-ending, and fully repays the traveller, in interest, for the inconvenience he may experience.

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From Chambers' Journal.  
HISSING.

HISSING, according to Milton, had the very worst of beginnings. It was first heard in Pandemonium. When Satan returned to his compeers in guilt after his victory over our first parents, and related his terrible achievement:

    Awhile he stood, expecting  
 Their universal shout and high applause  
 To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears  
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues,  
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
 Of public scorn.

An assembly of churchmen ought, no doubt, to be the exact reverse of an assembly of demons. That there is, however, some expectation of a certain amount of hissing in ecclesiastical gatherings may be inferred from the precautionary charge with which Archbishop Trench opened the Dublin Church Congress in 1868. "Hissing," remarked that scholarly prelate, "is not a human utterance: it is objectionable, because it not only expresses dissent from the speech, but dislike to the speaker." He begged the members of the Congress to say "No, no!" with all the fervour they could command, and not to hiss, whenever they felt compelled to give an audible expression to their dissent. The poet who attributes the first hiss to the devils, has said that "new presbyter is but old priest writ large." During the sitting of the Scottish Free Church Assembly in June 1873, some of the members indulged themselves so freely in hissing the speeches of those with whom they disagreed, that Dr. Duff, the Moderator, told them they reminded him of Milton's hissing devils. The parallel was not exact, for Milton's devils were compelled to hiss against their will, while

those gentlemen hissed, no doubt, out of hearty free will.

There has been some controversy as to the most ancient method of manifesting disapproval in public assemblies. Distinction must, however, be made between organized state assemblies and assemblies fortuitously gathered, such as mobs or theatre audiences. In the former, hissing has undoubtedly always been considered as more or less of a disorder; it has never been recognized as the dignified or legitimate way of shewing disagreement. Cicero often alludes to hissing (*sibilus*) as the form of salutation with which the Roman populace greeted those whom they disliked in the places of public concourse; they poured it forth equally upon the politicians, and the entertainers who had lost their favour. Cælius, in one of his letters to Cicero, included amongst the Epistles of the latter, after speaking of the hissing of the vulgar, goes on to say that it is remarkable that Hortensius reached his great age without once incurring the shame of being hissed; or as it stands literally in the Latin: "Hortensius arrived at old age untouched by a hiss." Cicero asserts that the actor was hissed off (*exsibilatur*) by the keenly critical populace if he pronounced a verse one syllable too long or too short. Our English actors have an easy and indulgent audience in the galleries of our theatres; but if the English language is ever taught to English children of the poorer classes in the national schools (as German is taught amongst the dialect-speaking German races), the "gods" will perhaps become more intolerant. It seems, from a passage in Tacitus, that mercenary hisses could be hired for the purpose of theatrical disapproval by a playwright envious at a rival's success, or galled at his own failures. Unpopular characters seem to have been hissed wherever they shewed themselves. Cicero demands tauntingly of one of his antagonists: "Why dost thou not shew thyself to the people at the games? Fearest thou to be hissed?" The miser in Horace's Satires consoles himself, that although the people hiss him out of doors, he applauds himself at home.

Hissing comes so easily to the natural man when he wants to express dissent, that it must certainly have tried to legitimate itself again and again in state assemblies; but it has been decided that groaning and coughing accord better with the dignity of such meetings. Formal divisions were not taken in the prim-

itive periods of deliberative assemblies: the mind of the majority was discovered by simpler and quicker processes. Our Teutonic ancestors, according to Tacitus in his *Germania*, expressed their affirmative vote by the brandishing of their spears or rattling of their weapons: this, he says, was their most complimentary form of assent and approbation. They voted their "Nay" by uttering a growling noise; "if sentiments displeased them, they rejected them with murmurs." The *strepitus*, whatever it be, was certainly in a lower and less insolent and irritating tone than the hiss. Strabo tells us there was an officer (a moderator?) in the old Gaulish assemblies whose business it was to put down all interruption: at the third summons he cut off a piece of the offender's tartan with his sword. We do not know that we may accuse James I. of bringing hissing along with his other followers from Scotland into England, but it was certainly attempted in his first English parliament in 1604. Mr. Hext "moved against hissing, to the interruption and hindrance of the speech of any man in the House, taking occasion from an abuse of that kind offered on Sunday before: a thing, he said, derogating from the dignity, not becoming the gravity, and abusing the honour and privilege of the House." In Thomas Burton's diary of the Cromwellian parliaments there are complaints of "humming;" but it is not said whether the hum was directed against the speakers, or whether it was merely irritating small-talk in an undertone carried on by those who were determined not to listen.

The theatre is of course the classical and historical home of hissing. I imagine that any one with sufficient acquaintance with the details of dramatic history and biography might compile a big book on Hissing in the Theatre. It has domesticated itself there; in other places it has only lodged: if it is to be finally dislodged from other places, it will still, I suppose, assert a prescriptive title to be heard there. Theatre-hissing is not only noticed by the great dramatists of all periods of our literature, but I find it brought in to point a moral by one of our great English preachers, who has most absurdly and uncritically been taken for a Puritan, Thomas Adams. In a sermon published in 1614, under the title *The Sinner's Passing Bell*, he says: "The player that misacts an inferior and unnoted part, carries it away without censure; but if he shall play some emperor

or part of observation unworthily, the spectators are ready to hiss him off." Plays, however, are hissed as well as players, and the French have an untranslatable adjective which they apply to both. Hissing began in the theatres, say the French Encyclopédistes, as soon as there were bad poets and bad actors impudent enough and ignorant enough to expose themselves to the criticism of a great assembled world. The French call such actors and the works of such poets *siffable* (hiss-able); they speak of a "comédie siffable," an "acteur siffable." I have only heard of one attempt to dislodge hissing from its home in the theatre, or rather to regulate its hour; readers who are better acquainted with theatrical history may possibly know of others. In December 1819, the police of Copenhagen issued the following curious ordinance: "After this present notice, the public shall not testify their dissatisfaction at the conclusion of a piece at the theatre until ten minutes after the fall of the curtain. At the expiration of these ten minutes, a signal will be given by three beats on a great drum, and all those who after that shall hiss, or give any other mark of disapprobation, will be arrested as disturbers of the public peace." A French newspaper of the same year (from which this *ordonnance* is translated) says that it was infringed the very first night it was in force, and that arrests were made accordingly. The fact that hissing is reckoned legitimate at the theatres, has led men to choose them as the places for expressing their public dislikes in times of great excitement. Shakespeare's Cardinal Wolsey was hissed at the time of the papal aggression, but the hiss was not meant for the actor, but for Cardinal Wiseman. Hisses are directed at unpopular persons who come as spectators, and not as actors. Sir William Knighton says that George IV. always entered the theatre with an excessive dread of being saluted with this mark of public disapprobation. If he heard one single hiss, although it were immediately drowned in general and tumultuous applause, he went home wretched, and would lie awake all night thinking of that one ugly note, and not of the thousand agreeable notes. Sometimes it has not been one visitor, but a whole party of visitors who have had the hisses of the spectators directed upon them. In one of the periodical "essays," poor imitations of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, which appeared in such numbers throughout

the eighteenth century (the *Prater*, 1756, re-published as a book in 1757), we are told that the conduct of ladies in the theatres was often so unbecoming, that the audience hissed them into silence. It seems that they talked and laughed so loudly as to render the actors inaudible.

I imagine that a chapter might be made upon the repartees of the victims of hissing. To say that the hissed have often given back as good as they got, would be to say that they merely shewed fight; but the fact is that they have very frequently, like Orator Hunt, won an unmistakable victory. On one occasion there were only seven persons in the theatre at Weimar; the seven, however, considered themselves to form a sufficient court of criticism, and taking offence at the bad acting of one performer, they hissed him energetically; the manager thereupon brought his whole company upon the stage, and out-hissed the visitors. Mr. H. C. Robinson tells us that he was present at Covent Garden Theatre with Charles and Mary Lamb in December 1806, when Lamb's *Mr. H*— was performed for the first time. The absurdity of the piece turns upon the hero being ashamed of his name, which is only revealed at the end as "Hogsflesh." "The prologue was very well received," says Mr. Robinson, "indeed, it could not fail, being one of the very best in our language. But on the disclosure of the name, the squeamishness of the vulgar taste in the pit shewed itself by hisses; and I recollect that Lamb joined, and was probably the loudest hisser in the house." Rossini, at the first performance of his famous *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, took the very opposite course; when every one was hissing, he turned round and energetically applauded. He felt certain of the triumphant future of the opera, and from his earliest youth was unmoved by the first judgment of the general public.

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From The Saturday Review.

#### COUNT BEUST'S NOTE.

WHAT was the real nature of the position of Austria towards France when the war of 1870 broke out has been the subject of violent dispute among French politicians. The Duke of Gramont has always alleged that Austria gave France such assurances of support that it cannot truly be said that the Imperial Government

rushed into the war without having made sure of a valuable alliance; while M. Thiers and critics of his sort have always alleged that the Imperial Government had ample warning that France could not reckon on Austria doing anything for her. The discussion of this point was interesting to French politicians who were trying to fix blame on each other and each other's parties, but it was extremely inconvenient to Austria, who did not much admire a process by which her diplomatic secrets were being raked up, and probably, being now on good terms with Prussia, did not like to have it known how very warmly she had espoused the cause of Prussia's enemies. Enough was published to show that Austria was restrained by prudence only from helping France, and the Prussian Court, which was perfectly aware of this, neither felt nor expressed any resentment. Prussia had, in fact, converted the former ally of France into an unhesitating ally of her own, and this was a triumph sufficiently great to throw all past causes of unpleasantness into the shade. But the controversy was not terminated in France, and the Duke of Gramont persisted in saying that there had been a despatch received at the moment when the war broke out, in which Count Beust had positively stated that Austria considered the cause of France as her own. At last the Austrian Court seems to have thought that there need be no more concealment, and has permitted the despatch to be published on which the Duke of Gramont relied. Considering the circumstances under which it was written, it seems to have been a very sensible and creditable despatch for Count Beust to have penned. It is quite true that it is stated in this despatch that Austria considered the cause of France her own, but it is also true that it is pointed out in language of unexceptional clearness that Austria was not prepared to give France any active aid. It must be remembered that Count Beust was writing long before the Germans had gained any successes, and when France was preparing to carry the war into Germany, and fully believed in her power to get the start of her adversary. When, therefore, Count Beust explained why it was that Austria could not help France, we may be sure that he was in earnest when he wrote that neutrality, a word he uttered with regret, was imposed on Austria by imperious necessity. It was to the permanent interests and permanent difficulties of Austria that he



was obliged to look; and an examination of the reasons he gave for Austria adopting a course which it caused him sincere pain to own that she was obliged to adopt throws great light not only on the temporary question why Austria did not take the field against Prussia, but on the general policy of Austria since the war of 1870.

The primary reason that induced Austria to remain neutral was the fear of Russia. Count Beust had ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt that, if Austria took the side of France, Russia would at once, without hesitation, take the side of Prussia. What good would an Austrian alliance do to France in such a case? Austria would have been immediately threatened in Galicia and on the Pruth and the Lower Danube. She would have had to fight for her own life, and would have been utterly unable to assist France. It must always be borne in mind that it was the close alliance of Russia and Germany that enabled Germany to improve her first victories, and to pursue her career of conquest unchecked by outsiders. As a recompense for the assistance thus rendered, Russia got, at the expense of the honour, if not the interests, of England, the coveted prize of the free use of the Black Sea. When the French war was over, Prince Bismarck set to work to use the Russian alliance to a new purpose. He so managed matters that he was able to offer a Russian alliance to Austria, with Germany as the mediator between them, and the friend of both. Austria, after due consideration, accepted the offer, and the consequence has been the introduction of a completely new phase of European politics. Formerly, Austria was the secret or scarcely concealed enemy of Prussia and Russia, dreading both, but trying to hold her own against each in turn by every device that patience and courage could suggest. She had to fight Prussia in 1866 and was severely beaten; and subsequently by constant intrigues with her discontented subjects Russia did much to annoy and embarrass her. Still, when the French war broke out, Count Beust could write that the cause of France was the cause of Austria, and that it was only fear of the consequences that restrained Austria from challenging Russia to take part in the war. Now Austria has seen reason to adopt a totally different policy. She makes her calculations on the basis that Russia will be sincerely friendly, and not

only has much of the factitious discontent in her outlying provinces died away with the cessation of the stimulus given by Russian agitation, but she has ventured on letting Turkey know, especially in the Bosnian affair, that she will insist on having proper respect shown her, and the Porte has been obliged to reply in very civil and conciliatory language. But this might have happened if for any reason Austria and Russia had seen fit to make friends and give each other the benefit of a temporary alliance. What is new is that the present alliance is under the guarantee and guardianship of Germany, to whom its existence is in fact due. Austria leans upon Germany as a protector able and willing to see that no unjust advantage is taken of her, while Russia in its turn is satisfied that Germany will take care that the eternal Eastern question is not permitted to take any new and awkward shape at a moment when Russia may prefer rest or needs her energies for the prosecution of her aims in Asia.

But there was another reason which weighed with Count Beust, and that was that Austria could not really count on her own subjects. The Germans belonging to Austria could not be trusted to fight against Germany; and the Hungarians, although perfectly ready to defend themselves against Russia, were by no means to be relied on if they thought that Austria was calling on them to fight in order that Austria might gain strength in Germany, and thus upset the balance of internal power on which the new system of dual government reposed. Nor was it really a hesitation as to what Austrian Germans and Hungarians would do that alone filled Count Beust with inquietude. The Austrian army, in consequence of the change in the whole system of Government introduced after the war with Prussia, and also in consequence of the experience which that war had furnished, was totally reorganized in 1868, and it was agreed between Austria and Hungary that the system then introduced should be tried for a fixed period of ten years. In 1870 the Austrian army, crippled by the difficulties attendant on every new scheme of army reorganization, was not at all fit to take the field. A large part of the troops was mobilized in order that Austria, if attacked, might not be taken utterly unprepared, and it was soon seen that the new system was only in its infancy, and that a campaign would probably be attended with immense disasters.



By prudently keeping out of the way of danger Austria gained time so as to let her new military system come into full operation. It is even now reported to be far from what it was intended to be, and here again the advantage of a fresh period of repose which Germany offered her through the Triple Alliance was obvious. Unfortunately Austria cannot afford, or can only afford with the utmost difficulty, the army she desires. She wants to have 800,000 men when the army is on the war footing, and to have these men thoroughly trained by a compulsory service of three years. It was calculated until lately that Austria by economy and very good management might get an army such as she desired for about seven millions sterling. But latterly it has been seen that this, under present circumstances, is impossible. The officers are starved, the cavalry is weak, the artillery is insufficient, the fortresses are not secure under the new conditions of modern warfare. A million and a half more is therefore wanted this year beyond the seven millions which it used to be thought was enough. But a million and a half sterling is a very large sum for a State always so near bankruptcy as Austria has been for years; and if the money is to be found, it can only be found by complete reliance being placed on the pacific intentions of Austria. In one respect Austria is better

off than she used to be, for she is on cordial terms with Italy, and has no longer an enemy to fear on that side. But then her alliance with Italy and with Germany, and the progress of the ideas on which that alliance is based, are exposing her to a new source of internal trouble. Count Beust in his despatch speaks of the task which Austria had been requested by France to undertake at Florence, and of the hopes which the French Court entertained that a useful alliance between France and Italy might thus be established. Count Beust promises to do his best; but urges that, if anything is to be done in this way, the Italians must be allowed to occupy Rome. Count Beust implores the Government of the Emperor Napoleon to perform this act of Liberalism, and so to outstrip Germany, and prevent it being thought that the Italians owed Rome to the spread and triumph of Teutonic ideas which might, as Count Beust pointed out, easily prove contagious in Austria. Here we have the beginning of that separation of the Austrian Government from the Ultramontanes which has lately assumed such considerable dimensions, and which cannot fail to lead to the most important results, as it raises in a peculiar form the great question of the relations of the Church and the State which is now agitating almost every European country.

#### WHAT ARE THE ADULTERATIONS OF TEA?

This subject, which all—whether chemists or not—are interested in, has been very exhaustively dealt with in a paper read before the Chemical Society of London, at a recent meeting, by Mr. J. Bell, of the Laboratory at Somerset House. He says that tea is adulterated to a very large extent, not only with leaves of various kinds, including exhausted tea-leaves, but also with inorganic substances, such as quartz, sand, and magnetic oxide of iron; these latter substances are rolled up inside the leaf, and one sample of green tea examined was found to contain no less than 20 per cent. of quartz and 86 of the magnetic oxide. The latter may readily be separated by grinding up the tea, and removing the magnetic oxide with a magnet. The facing employed for green tea usually consists of French chalk and Prussian blue. In the preparation of exhausted tea-leaves, they are rolled up with gum-water, and then dried,

catechu being added in some cases to restore the astringency. The article known as the "maloo mixture" consists essentially of exhausted tea-leaves. In searching for the presence of other leaves than those of the tea-plant the best method is to heat a small quantity of the suspected tea with water until the leaves are sufficiently softened to admit of being unfolded. They should then be spread out on a piece of glass, and carefully examined as to the nature of the serratures and the character of the venation, also the form of the cells of the epidermis and the stomata, and the peculiarities of the hairs as shown by the microscope. The essential differences which the tea-leaf presents when compared with other leaves were minutely described. The chemical composition of tea was next discussed, the amount of lignin and of tannin being very important.

Popular Science Review.